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THE
P O E T I C S

OF

MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA,

BISHOP OF ALBA;

WITH

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LATIN

OF

DR LOWTH, MR GRAY,

AND OTHERS.

BY

JOHN HAMPSON, A. M.

INDOCTI DISCANT,
AMENT MEMINISSE PERITI.

HORACE.

S U N D E R L A N D :

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REPORT

ANNUAL REPORT



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TO THE HONOURABLE
AND RIGHT REVEREND

SHUTE,

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE,
LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

MY LORD,

WERE the following translation comparable to the elegant original, I should be less solicitous for the reception it may find in the world, and less anxious to apologize, for having presumed, without previous communication, thus publicly to introduce it to your Lordship's notice.

As it is usual with authors to address their compositions to some illustrious friend, or to some name not more distinguished by rank and station than by a generous zeal for the interests of learning and

DEDICATION.

virtue, though beyond the circle of their acquaintance, it seemed an example not improper to follow on the present occasion. But, if I do so, it is rather in my author's name than in my own. Of what themselves have done, few can speak with propriety. To undervalue one's own performances, might perhaps not unjustly be regarded as affectation. To speak favourably of them, might be imputed, on the contrary, to an excess of vanity, with which real excellence is, I believe, scarcely ever found to be united.

The Poetics of Vida, as they stand connected with the whole art of criticism; with the wide range of elegant and useful literature; with all that can inform and all that can delight; as they are equally calculated to assist those whom nature has pointed out for the instruction and entertainment of others,

DEDICATION.

and to deter those to whom such powers have been denied, from the invasion of a province to which they can have no claim, are not unworthy the public attention. To me, my Lord, it seemed peculiarly proper, to address to your protection this version of an author, who, though of a different church from our's, and as we conceive, not well informed in some points of christian doctrine, was yet, in defiance of prepossession and superstition, an excellent man and an exemplary bishop; as venerable for his piety as he was respectable for his talents; and whose eminence in each was such, as might have entitled him to distinction in any church or in any nation.

To enlarge on such a theme, and to pursue a parallel, which will readily be done by those who are best acquainted with your love of letters, and have long been witnesses

DEDICATION.

to your inviolable attachment as well to the common interests of christianity, as of that church in which you so worthily preside, were beyond my present purpose. I will not venture on a subject to which I feel myself unequal; nor presumptuously attempt a display of what is much better illustrated in your Lordship's conduct.

I am,

My Lord,

your Lordship's

most obedient

and most dutiful servant,

The TRANSLATOR.

SUNDERLAND,
Nov. 30, 1792.

THE
L I F E
OF THE
A U T H O R.

IT has often been remarked, that the lives of men of letters are so remote from public scenes, and so little diversified by incident and adventure, as to furnish less scope than usual for biographical information. The remark is in most instances too just to be disputed; but however little can be known of those who have so largely contributed to our instruction and entertainment, we naturally wish to be informed even of that little; and an innocent and not unprofitable pleasure is frequently to be derived from it.

Among those heroes of literature, who flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and whose learned labours had the most decisive influence on it's revival, was Marcus Hieronymus Vida, son of Gelelmo Vida and Leona Oscafala, who was born at Cremona, in Italy, in 1470. His

parents were of a respectable family in the neighbourhood of St Leonard. An ancestor of our author, Bonvesino Vida, was Consul of Cremona, in 1166. It appears, that at the birth of Vida, the ancient opulence of the family was considerably diminished; though not so absolutely lost as to render them incapable of educating their son in a manner worthy themselves and him. He received the first rudiments of languages and philosophy at Cremona and Mantua, under the celebrated Nicolas Lascaris. Thence he removed to Padua and Bologna, where he prosecuted his studies in divinity and polite literature, and laid the foundation of his future greatness. How long he remained in these seminaries, or at what time he returned to Cremona, is uncertain. It was in this place of his nativity that he tried his first efforts in poetry, and celebrated his beloved *Serius* in strains worthy of the subject, and congenial with its placid and untroubled waters. A passage in the conclusion of the *Scacchia* informs us, that he began to compose at a very early period.

In a little time he became a member of the congregation of regular canons of St Mark's at Mantua; and soon after, bidding a last adieu to

his parents, he was admitted to the same office in the church of St John of Lateran. The pontifical chair was then filled by the celebrated Leo X. a name dear to the learned, and distinguished by a genuine love of letters, and a native elegance and urbanity not always to be found among the successors of St Peter. This pope, who while yet a youth was appointed legate of the Holy See, and by a singular accident, elected to the triple crown before his thirtieth year, was soon informed of the merit of our author; and introducing himself to his acquaintance, honoured him with repeated instances of his liberality.

It was not long after this introduction, that Leo, having conceived a design of procuring such a poem on the author of our religion, as should become the dignity of the subject, made choice of Vida as the most proper person to carry it into execution. Merit is generally modest; and our poet, though well aware of the difficulties he would have to encounter, did not oppose the wishes of his patron. We are informed that the pontiff had conceived the greatest opinion of his abilities, from the fictitious battle in the Scacchia.

He had been some time engaged in the *Christiad*, when Leo presented him, at the instance of his friend Gilbertus, to the priory of St Sylvester at Tivoli. His gratitude to these illustrious patrons is conspicuous in the ode to Leo, in two odes and an epistle to Gilbertus, and in several parts of the *Poetics*; which prove, that he celebrated their virtues not only while yet alive, but that with all the ardour of friendship, he shed a grateful tear upon their ashes, when his hopes from that quarter were withdrawn for ever.

The retreat of our author at Tivoli was perfectly suited to his temper. Like the great bard he copied, he was more disposed to contemplative than to active life: and as poets frequently draw their sources from within, it is not improbable, that the sweet retirement so elegantly described in the first book of the *Poetics*, and so earnestly recommended to those who would engage in works of genius, was as much suggested by his feelings as by his judgment. Here he went forward with his *Christiad*; and receiving frequent visits from the literati, to whom his house was always open, he united labour with recreation,

and unbent from the fatigues of study in their improving conversation.

The next event which it is necessary to notice, is the death of his parents; an incident differently related by different authors. All agree that it was to him sudden and unexpected. But some say it was during his residence at Tivoli, and prior to his appointment to the see of Alba; while others inform us, that having attained the prelacy, he went in the ensigns of his new dignity, to pay them a visit; and that instead of the happiness he had promised himself in presenting to them a son raised by his merit to so high a distinction, he learnt that they had both expired but a few days before. In either case, it may be supposed that this double catastrophe must have affected him with extreme regret. Of his sensibility on this occasion, we may form the best conception, from the pathetic effusion he has consecrated to their memory. His grief on so melancholy a privation was not lessened by the decease of his patron Leo, who died about the same time: an event which at once clouded the prospects of our poet, and diverted the course of his studies from their former channel.

It happened, however, that in about two years, on the decease of Adrian VI. his old friend and fellow student Clement ascended the papal throne. On this occasion, his *Christiad*, at the recommendation of the new pontiff, was resumed, and received when completed, with singular approbation. On the 6th of February, 1532, as a recompence of his ingenious labours, he was presented to the bishoprick of Alba in Monferrat, vacant by the demise of his predecessor Antonius Molus.

The two years subsequent to this promotion, were passed with Clement at Rome. But at the end of that period, he grew weary of the city, where he was unwilling to remain in indolence and inactivity; and feeling no disposition to aspire after farther dignities, he betook himself to his diocese, and discharged, like an exemplary prelate, the duties of his office. No man ever less disappointed the public expectation. The virtues he had cherished in private, he brought forth into the world; and displayed them without ostentation, to his own honour, and to the public utility. His manners were simple; his piety genuine and unaffected. He was no less a pattern than a teacher, and as careful to set a good example in

his own conduct, as he was zealous to discourage vice in that of others. Some of the churches in his diocese he raised from the foundation; others he repaired and embellished. His utmost efforts were exerted for the prosperity of his flock; and it might justly be said of him, that he devoted both himself and his possessions to the interests of christianity and the glory of God.

Our prelate was no less a patriot than a christian. Though gentle and full of goodness; of the mildest temper and the most amiable manners, he was by no means deficient in spirit; and he proved himself, on a trying occasion, a most active and intrepid citizen. When Alba was besieged, during the war between Francis and the Emperor, the soldiers having deserted their station, and the enemy preparing to enter, Vida took upon him the office of general, rallied his fellow citizens; attacked the besiegers in turn; drove them from the walls, and saved the city.—What is no less to his honour, he for some time supplied the public with provisions at his own expence.

Distinguished as our author was by the rarest qualifications; so benevolent in his temper, and so attentive during a residence of thirty-five years

to the interests of his people, it is no wonder he was universally honoured and esteemed, and that his death, which happened on the 27th of Sept. 1566, and at the advanced age of ninety-six, was generally and sincerely regretted. His remains, attended by an immense concourse of spectators, especially by the poor, whom he had constantly fed at his own table, were deposited with great solemnity in the cathedral of Alba. Some time after, his fellow citizens at Cremona, to which see he had been elected just before his death, erected a handsome monument to his memory.

As the most trifling circumstances seem important that relate to men of eminence, it may perhaps be not improper to add, that he was of a noble stature and countenance; and that in his aspect sweetness was tempered with gravity.— In Italy, medals were struck to his honour, having his head and name on one side; on the reverse a Pegasus, with the inscription, *Quos amarunt Dii*: on other medals, *non stemma sed virtus*. His portrait is to be found in many public repositories; particularly in the library of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The poetical works of our author, such at least as he chose to acknowledge, were collected in 1556, and accurately printed at Cremona, in two volumes. The first contains *Hymns on divine subjects*, and the *Christiad*, in six books. In the second are the *Poetics*, in three books; the *Bombyces*, in two books; three *Eclogues*, and other detached pieces. His prose writings are *Three Dialogues De Reipublicæ Dignitate*, one book of *Synodical Constitutions*, and an *Epistle to Bartholomeus Botta*, prefixed to his commentary on the *Christiad*. Several other pieces have been ascribed to him, but as he did not chuse to acknowledge them, they need not now be enumerated.

SOME there are who deny any merit to modern latinity; while others with more justice contend, that both here and on the continent, many pieces have been produced, that Virgil or Horace might have owned without a blush. It is notorious, that modern compositions have been imposed on the first scholars in Europe, as fragments of the most celebrated ancients.

The estimation in which the classics were held at the revival of letters, was followed by the

happiest effects. It gave to the world a multitude of scholars, and a variety of literary performances, far superior to any thing of the same period in the modern languages of Europe. Many of them might even challenge a place with the most distinguished specimens of English poetry since Shakespeare and Milton.

Pope, whose taste was as exquisite as were his own verses, selected from the Italians a beautiful collection of latin poems; and it is more than probable, from the imitations found in his writings, that to his intimate acquaintance with these he owed no inconsiderable share of his poetic merit. Nature had certainly intended him for a poet. But he was too judicious to depend solely on nature. No man was ever more assiduous in selecting flowers from every quarter.

The labours of Vida have been variously appreciated; most considering him as in the first rank, if not the first latin poet since the revival of learning; while some give the preference to Sannazarius, Fracastorius, and others. But in discussions of this nature, the humour of individuals is more frequently consulted than sound judgment and critical acumen. Matters of taste

are not easily adjusted. I shall therefore content myself with saying, that Vida seems not unworthy the character that has been given him, as the best and most accurate imitator of the Mantuan bard.

In poetical composition every man will take for his model, not perhaps the best author, but the author most congenial to his taste. Some will prefer Virgil or Homer; some Catullus or Tibullus; some Ovid or Lucan: and critics are not wanting who are infinitely delighted with the point and waggery of Martial.

Our author's attachment to Virgil bordered on idolatry. It is visible in every page of his writings. He seems to have considered no other poet as at all approaching to a competition; and in every thing but invention, prefers him, without hesitation, to Homer himself. Perhaps there was in this not only the bias of his own genius, but a spark of nationality; and it is not improbable that what he says in the *Poetics*, in allusion to a passage in Virgil, that he who treats of the excellencies of foreign countries, should take care to exalt Italy above them all, was a picture of his own mind; an ebullition of national vanity, the

more excusable as it is so common; and productive of a natural retrospect from our country to ourselves. It is like the love of some people to their children; which is frequently more vain than rational; an idolatrous fondness, not so much for their intrinsic merit, or for any other reason, as because they spring from what they *love still more fondly, their exquisite selves.*

In the unqualified commendation of his great model, our poet seems to have forgotten, that perfection is no attribute of humanity; that if it be true that Homer sometimes nods, the same may be said of his successor; and that if the former was on some occasions unseasonably minute in his descriptions, the latter seems, in some places, to have sunk beneath the weight of his subject; has fallen, more than once, into absurdity and contradiction; was not always attentive to probability; and has been censured, with some justice, for not having sufficiently marked, like Homer, the lights and shades, the distinguishing features in the characters of his heroes, and the particular species of eloquence, or courage, or other quality that distinguished them from each other.

The claim of Vida to successful imitation, which implies no small degree of merit, is acknowledged by every candid and ingenuous critic. His writings possess, not as some have said, a small, but a large proportion of the Virgilian grace and beauty. The learned Scaliger, who with all his singularities was an able critic, makes no scruple to compare many of his verses with those of his master: and the numerous list of subscribers to the Oxford edition of his works, in 1722, affords ample proof how much they were valued by that learned and venerable body. His talents as a writer have a double claim upon our attention. He was not only an excellent poet, but an accurate and judicious critic; and he was so in that early period of literature, when science was but just emerging from the obscurity of the middle ages.

It is remarkable that what seems at first to have been considered by many, and is still considered by some, as the best of our author's pieces, is most certainly the worst. The *Christiad*, though it contains many excellent passages, is not comparable to his other poems. It is often greatly laboured, and of course deficient in that easy fluency of versification which is visible in the rest. The

speeches are frequently too long; and the work wants in general that *curiosa felicitas*, that happy propriety of sentiment and expression, which he was well able to have communicated to a subject to which he felt himself equal. He was perfectly sensible of it's defects, for which he modestly apologized; and for which too several reasons may be assigned. It was rather an extorted than a voluntary theme; and we know what he has said in the Poetics on that subject.

Atque ideo quodcunque audes, quodcunque paratus
 Aggrederis, tibi sit placitum, atque arriserit ultro
 Ante animo, nec iussa canas, nisi forte coactus
 Magnorum imperio regum, si quis tamen usquam est
 Primores inter nostros qui talia curet.
 Omnia sponte sua, quæ nos elegimus ipsi,
 Proveniunt, duro assequimur vix iussa labore.

Poet. l. i. 50.

His two earliest patrons died not long after he undertook it. The poem lay for some time untouched; and it is probable, would scarcely have been resumed, had he not been stimulated to that purpose by the intreaties of Pope Clement. His reluctance on this occasion did honour to his feelings. It arose, not from any disinclination to the

subject, but from a judicious dread of it's dignity and importance; from a conviction, that to adopt in this case the usual ornaments of verse, would be regarded by the more rigid critics as a species of profanation; and from a persuasion, that it would be no easy task to find a substitute for them. The machinery of the pagan mythology could scarcely accord with the dignity of a christian theme; and Sannazarius has been not unjustly censured for an impropriety of this sort in the conduct of his poem *De Partu Virginis*. But it seems to have been generally agreed among the learned, that a good poem could scarcely be produced without such assistance.

This system, however, is not universally admitted. Our late critic Dr Johnson has opposed it with great force of argument, and with all the poignancy of satire. And surely, whoever shall give himself leave to reflect, must perceive, that it were impossible, except indeed by way of allusion, to introduce such machinery into a religious work, without subjecting it to the ridicule of the wits, and degrading it from it's natural dignity by a most unseemly air of fiction and burlesque.

I shall not fatigue either the reader or myself, with an enquiry into the reasons, why scarcely any one not inspired has succeeded in sacred poetry. Whether it arises, as seems most probable, from the peculiar dignity and elevation of the subject, which renders it less susceptible of poetical ornament; whether we enter on such themes with less ardour and affection than others; or whatever else may be the cause, the fact is certain; that a capital poem on a religious subject has never yet been produced but by one man. Who that is I need not say. But, were it not, that priority of time must secure the palm to Homer, the consideration that Milton has so wonderfully succeeded in what none ever did either before or since, would induce us to regard him as the first of his profession. None, says Johnson, ever soared so high, or maintained his flight so long.

The lesser poems of Vida, such as the Odes, the Eclogues, the Epistle to Gilbertus, and the Elegiac pieces, possess their peculiar and appropriate graces. His elegiac and epistolary compositions are distinguished by an easy, natural diction, and a sweet flow of pathetic sentiment, which discover his interest in their respective subjects. The epistle to

Gibertus is at once respectful and affectionate. The tribute to his parents, is marked by an unaffected air of tenderness and sorrow. His hymns are not equal to his other compositions; and his prose is inferior to his poetry.

The Bombyces, which is an essay on the management of silk worms, is inscribed with peculiar propriety to a lady; the Marchioness of Mantua. The hint was taken from the Georgics; and like his great master, he has immortalized his insect. The poem has justly received the warmest encomiums. It is written with infinite care; and there is in it an invariable propriety of sentiment, and a correct delicacy of expression, which prove, that on this occasion he was not unmindful of his own precept, and more solicitous to produce a perfect than a ponderous performance. The imagery it contains is strikingly beautiful and just.

The Scacchia, or the *Game of Chess*, has been much admired; and the poet is allowed to have been skilful in the game. None of his essays required a greater exertion of ingenuity; for in none is the subject so trifling. To give dignity

to a mean subject is one of the most arduous provinces of genius.

In the arrangment of our author's works, some give the first place to the Bombyces; some to the Christiad; and others to the Poetics. The Bombyces is the most polished and correct, and the most replete with poetical images. But the subject is less important than that of the Poetics; and required less depth of learning, less extent of judgment, and less critical skill. Considering it simply as a poem, it is perhaps the happiest and the most elegant of his works: but by those who are for mingling profit with delight, and would be instructed as well as entertained, the Poetics will ever be considered as the most important effort of his muse; the effort of a fine imagination, under the conduct of the exactest and most vigilant judgment.

It is impossible to read this poem with attention, without allowing it the praise of a most ingenious and classical composition. Much ability is discovered both in the plan and the execution. Each book has it's proper subject. Each is arranged with a perspicacity and skill, which, though not visible at first sight, gives it an almost logical accu.

racy and precision. The rules are laid down in an easy, natural order; and the examples and illustrations follow with the most agreeable regularity.

Nor is it, as is commonly supposed, a mere cento from Virgil. In many passages where he alludes to this poet, most of the expressions are his own: and in much the greater part of the work, it was impossible he should borrow either his sentiments or his language; since the subject of the Poetics turned upon themes, of which Virgil never had occasion to write; and of which therefore he has never said a syllable.

I conclude with observing, that the accurate and extensive reading of our poet, in the multitude of his references to the classics, is eminently conspicuous. In that age, translations of the ancients were not multiplied as at present; and he who at such a period, had made himself familiar with such authors, must certainly have deserved the praise of sound learning and indefatigable industry.

AFTER this account of my author and his writings, it will be expected that I should

say something of myself, and of my reasons for presenting the public with the ensuing translation.

It happened, in the winter of 1790, that Tristram's *Vida* fell into my hands. On reading the *Poetics* I was so struck with the justness of the observations and the general elegance of the poem, as to determine to translate it. When just finishing the second book, a learned friend to whom I communicated what I was about, produced, what I had never seen before, a translation by Mr Pitt; which is for the most part so well executed, that had I made less progress in the work, I should certainly have laid mine aside. But having already gone so far; being informed too that Mr Pitt's translation was out of print, and observing that it contained no life of the author, and was without notes, which seemed highly necessary to such a work, I ventured to proceed.

Many of the notes, which were collected from their respective authors by Tristram, I have translated from the latin of Tully, Quintilian, Petronius, and others; and from the greek of Aristotle, Longinus, Demetrius Phalereus, and Dionysius of

Halicarnassus. For many of them, perhaps too many, I must be accountable.

Should some readers complain, that too much pains have been taken to explain allusions, which to them must be perfectly familiar, they are requested to consider, that this is not the case with all; that it was no inconsiderable part of my plan, to write for the public; and to render what is familiar to the scholar, not absolutely inaccessible to the multitude.

I had no conception, in the progress of the work, that the best rules in the world could make a poet in spite of nature. In this view the critics of ancient and of modern times must equally be supposed to have written in vain. But it is no small point gained, if works of this sort convince those who want genius, how many things are necessary to constitute a poet; and prove sometimes effectual to deter the disciples of Bavius from the haunts of the Muses.

ARGUMENT to Book I.

INVOCATION—Address to the Dauphin, whom he consoles for the misfortunes of his family, and invites to poetic studies—Superiority of heroic verse—The laws of Epic poetry proposed to be considered; which, however, are not unsuitable to other species of composition—The poet to choose a subject suited to his genius—Nothing great to be hastily undertaken—A fund of matter and expression to be collected—The poem to be first sketched in prose—He who dedicates himself to poetry to be accustomed to it from his infancy, and early entrusted to the care of the best masters—To be intimately acquainted with Virgil and Homer—The latter the first of Greek poets—The poets nearest to him the best—Origin and progress of poetry in Italy—Virgil the first of poets—After his time, degenerating by degrees, it almost entirely deserted Italy—Restored by some illustrious names of the family of Medici—The youth to admire and imitate Virgil above all others; and to esteem none but the writers of the Augustan age—A tutor to be pitched upon who is a master of composition; not severe; and who may excite the genius of his pupil, rather by emulation and the hope of praise, than by threats; who being thus allured to the love of poetry, will soon pursue it from inclination—Marks laid down, by which the disposition of the pupil may be known—Premature genius no favourable symptom—Boys to be indulged in suitable recreation—Properties of genius—The tutor to be upon his guard, lest his pupil be entangled in the snares of love—As he grows up, to apply himself to the study of other subjects, as well as verse—The poet's

first essay—A subject to be chosen suitable to his powers—How the master should correct what is faulty—Retirement necessary to him who would attempt any thing of importance—The poets favourites of heaven—The origin of the Muses—Address to God the guardian of poets.

ARGUMENT to BOOK II.

INVOCATION—The manner in which the writer should dispose his materials explained—Of proposition and invocation—The historical order of narration to be avoided—After the example of Homer, the poet should at once enter the midst of his subject, and returning, trace it from it's first source—The event to be concealed, though not absolutely to the end of the work—Digressions to be introduced, not unseasonably, or for an ostentatious display of learning, but when necessary and proper—Moral sentiments to be interspersed—Low and vulgar allusions to be avoided—Probability to be observed—Repetition to be guarded against—Perspicuous brevity recommended—A scanty theme to be extended by episode—Description should resemble a fine painting, and bring the thing represented in a lively and pleasing manner before our eyes—The poetic vigour not always the same—When upon the decline, is frequently recruited by reading—When restored, must be subject to reason—Art the copier of nature—Different characters to be drawn upon this principle—To move the passions to be learnt from the rhetoricians—Modesty and decorum to be observed—Virgil not inferior to Homer—Digression to the calamities of Italy, and the golden age of Leo the Tenth, whose loss is deplored.

ARGUMENT to Book III.

THE poetic style proposed to be explained—To be perspicuous, with all the variety of which it is capable—The use and origin of metaphor—The poets indulged with greater licence than other writers—Of Hyperbole, Metonymy, Apostrophe, Irony, and Anaphora—The figure Catachresis to be avoided—The simile—Words to be well chosen—This may be learnt from the ancient poets—We are to imitate the most ancient—The second rate poets not totally to be rejected—Of imitating the most elegant poets—Frequently allude to the sayings of the ancients—Sometimes use words derived from the Greek, and even such as are barbarous and obsolete—Of Periphrasis, and compound words—This liberty less frequent among the Latins than the Greeks—Of the figure Tmesis and Syncope—Rugged names to be softened by art—The sound to be subservient to the sense, and not sense to be sacrificed to sound—The verse to vary with the subject—Of correction—Precepts, without the energy of genius, of little avail—The author modestly relinquishes his claim to the character of a poet, and concludes with a digression in praise of Virgil.

THE
P O E T I C S

OF

MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA.

B O O K I.

DAUGHTERS of Jove, be mine the task to sing
Your myst'ries, and disclose the Muse's spring;
To paint the bard sublime, whose heav'n taught verse,
The acts of Gods and heroes may rehearse,
And from the sacred mount's exalted brow,
Look down superior on the crowd below,
Is there a youth whom thirst of glory fires,
Whom genius prompts, and ev'ry Muse inspires?
Who leaving far beneath his flying feet
The grov'ling vulgar, dares the hallow'd seat,

B

Where Phœbus strikes sublime the silver lyre,
 And they, the sisters of the tuneful choir,
 In heav'nly concerts bids the groves around,
 And high Olympus' golden vaults resound?
 Thou chief attend propitious, nor refuse 15
 To join the throng, nor scorn th' immortal Muse,
 Imperial Francis, born the throne to grace,
 And add new worth to thy illustrious race,
 When, ripe in manhood, France thy reign shall see,
 And own thy glorious fire reviv'd in thee. 20
 Tho' from thy drooping country absent far,
 So bids the cruel chance of wasteful war,
 The haughty foe in impious rage detains,
 And with thy Henry dooms t' ignoble chains;
 Tho' her indignant Monarch yet must yield 25
 To fate's stern law and Pavia's bloody field,
 The victor's harsh injunction forc'd to bear,
 And purchase even liberty too dear;

To sooth thy anxious cares the Muse may bring
 Some tuneful charm and draw th' envenom'd sting, 30
 Thy griefs aswage, each gen'rous pang controul,
 And still the rising tempest in thy soul.
 E'er long, the changing pow'rs, unfriendly now,
 With destin'd wreaths may bind thy royal brow ;
 The time may come, to thy own realms restor'd, 35
 When France exulting shall embrace her lord :
 For thy return each matron's vows shall rise,
 Wafted in clouds of incense to the skies ;
 Each city shall pour forth th' applauding train,
 And thronging nations cover all the plain. 40
 But thou, the while, ascend with me the height,
 Where all Parnassus meets the ravish'd sight ;
 And hark ! the Muses call thee as they rove,
 And fill with strains divine the sacred grove.
 Tho' first the bard, religion's debt to pay, 45
 To heav'nly themes restrain'd his infant-lay,

Yet soon, to these alone no more confin'd,
 New themes and numbers fill'd the poet's mind :
 Whate'er on earth, or what th' Elysian plains,
 Or hell's deep shade, or heav'n's high vault contains, 50
 At once his rapid glance instinctive saw,
 Bold to conceive, and accurate to draw.
 Next to th' immortal habitants above,
 Illustrious chiefs and princes lov'd of Jove,
 In high command distinguish'd from the throng, 55
 Swell the majestic tide of epic song :
 Nor nobler ought than the rich strain that sings
 The glorious deeds of heroes and of kings,
 Thence styl'd heroic.—Hail ! thrice honour'd name !
 From Phoebus' self the mystic numbers came, 60
 When first Phemonoe, from the dread abode,
 Disclos'd in song the councils of the God.
 Let the young bard that hopes in verse to shine,
 And boast the influence of th' inspiring nine,

His subject and his talents nicely scan, 65
 Nor rudely sketch a lame abortive plan :
 For know, though chief of Gods and godlike men,
 Studious we shew to raise the lofty strain,
 Whate'er the poet's genius shall inspire,
 To pity mov'd, or rous'd to jealous ire ; 70
 Whether with pomp he tread the buskin'd stage,
 And paint Orestes dreadful in his rage,
 Or whether he in softer verse complains,
 And sings, O love, thy sadly pleasing pains,
 Or else, the tender lambkins bleating round, 75
 Sicilian lays the ecchoing hills resound,
 The shepherd swains appear in simple strife,
 And all the homely joys of rural life ;
 Whate'er the theme, the critic's art may give
 Worth to the song, and teach the verse to live. 80
 Then let each future bard well pleas'd attend,
 Nor blush to learn the dictates of a friend.

He who would write, must first a subject find,
 Form'd to his taste, and suited to his mind;
 A voluntary theme, and still disdain 85
 At others' nod to wake the tuneful strain,
 Unless some mighty monarch chance to share
 The gentle flame, and make the muse his care.
 When forc'd the theme, how creeps the languid rhyme
 Through labour'd lines of harsh unvarying chime! 90
 But when ourselves approve and own the song,
 The numbers roll in rapid tides along;
 Thought follows thought, as when the billows roar,
 Wave rolls on wave, loud murm'ring to the shore.

Nor yet, should prompt imagination rise, 95
 On sudden pinions soaring to the skies,
 And with new scenes enraptur'd fancy teem,
 Adventure rashly on too vast a theme.
 First with thyself the wond'rous task survey,
 Nor scorn the genuine wisdom of delay; 100

Long let the subject fill up all thy foul ;
 Mark well each part, and oft review the whole,
 Till time and thought with rigid art conspire
 To temper and direct the poet's fire.

E'er, launching to the deep, your swelling sails 105
 Catch the full impulse of the fresh'ning gales ;
 E'er first you stand a candidate for fame,
 And fondly hope the poet's honour'd name,
 Of various knowledge all the stores combine ;
 Add words to things ; to matter manner join ; 110
 Art perfects genius ; and who tills the field,
 To him her stores shall bounteous nature yield ;
 Success shall crown his labours ; but 'twere vain
 Who fails to sow, should hope the golden grain.
 Sometimes unlook'd for, thoughts spontaneous rise,
 Then hapless he on memory who relies : 116
 When once the meteor, flashing on the mind,
 Melts into shades, it leaves no trace behind ;

Loft is this child of fancy, and in vain
 You seek the fickle vagrant to regain. 120

For me, the youth I praise who e'er he write,
 To ancient bards devotes the studious night,
 And meditates by day, intent t' explore
 The precious mine, and seize the golden ore.

'Twere wisely done, in order to dispose, 125
 And sketch your poem first in humble prose,
 It's general form and lineaments to trace,
 To each transaction mark it's destin'd place,
 The arguments connect, the bounds define,
 And e'er you form the parts, the whole design. 130

And now, methinks, propitious gales invite,
 And all the landscape lessens from the sight.
 Now were the just occasion to impart
 The genuine maxims of the tuneful art:
 But first the studious youth our cares engage, 135
 And all the labours of the tender age;

Since he alone who from his earliest days
 The Muse has wooed, may hope to wear the bays.
 The world of science who begins t' explore,
 And cautious coasts along the doubtful shore, 140
 Let him at once attempt some tuneful theme,
 And early drink at the Pierian stream.
 But first, let some great master graceful teach
 The soundest learning and the purest speech,
 Left dull pretenders with illib'ral arts 145
 And fordid notions, blast the brightest parts,
 With vulgar views and style obscene debase,
 And fix a taint no labour can efface.
 How I despise the coxcombs who pretend,
 Of knowledge void, their *learned* aid to lend; 150
 Who wildly borne aloft on waxen wing,
 To loathing ears their stale pretences bring;
 And boast, in modes unknown, unheard before,
 And mystic arts, to teach the sacred lore;

Who pacing solemn thro' the same dull round 155
 Of words superfluous and uncertain sound,
 To the stun'd youth pedantic forms dispense,
 And terms unmeaning substitute for sense!
 Shall we for these the classic walks decline,
 The shades of Pindus, and the sacred nine? 160
 As well might some conceited clown forsake
 The living fountain for the putrid lake.
 E'er teachers form'd like these our schools invade,
 Bear, blest oblivion, to thy deepest shade;
 Or if such masters must infest mankind, 165
 To Goths and Vandals be their rage confin'd.
 Now let our youth his earliest tribute bring,
 Join the full choir and seek th' Aonian spring,
 From his first years the tuneful bard explore,
 Rear'd by the Muse on Mincius' verdant shore; 170
 And from the magic of the Mantuan page,
 His genius feel, and catch his noble rage.

Delightful task ! while young Ascanius fires
 With martial warmth, or tender woe inspires
 To mourn the generous youth untimely slain, 175
 And the pale horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain.
 With what delight I hear him still enquire
 Of Lausus sinking as he saves his fire ;
 Of Pallas pierced by Turnus' flying lance,
 While o'er his eyes the hovering shades advance ; 180
 Unpitying fate arrests his rosy breath ;
 And his limbs stiffen in the grasp of death !
 Pleas'd I behold the fiercer passions rise,
 Flame in his breast and lighten in his eyes ;
 But soon his face a different aspect wears, 185
 In sorrow clouded, and all bath'd in tears ;
 Thee, thee he mourns, Euryalus the brave,
 And the stern fates that mark thee for the grave,
 Learns with thy sorrowing parent to deplore
 Those beauteous limbs all pale and stain'd with gore, 190

Sees all around the purple torrent flow,
 And bear too early to the realms below.
 Nor less the Grecian bards his cares engage,
 And claim the tribute of his tender age ;
 While either speech ambitious to obtain,
 He joins th' Argolic with the Latian strain. 195
 Now shall he learn Æneas to compare
 With fierce Achilles, master of the war,
 Or Ithacus delighting to relate
 The various windings of his wayward fate,
 And in Anchises' offspring see combin'd 200
 Pelides' valour with Ulysses' mind.
 But since no slender phalanx forms the throng
 Of Greeks and Romans who contend in song ;
 Left some inferior, and of doubtful voice,
 His taste degrade, and fix his partial choice, 205
 'Twere well to each his station to award,
 Nor with the genuine class the spurious bard.

Nor hard the task each poet to record ;
 While Homer reigns by right, superior lord ;
 Him all observing, catch the sacred fire, 210
 And grow immortal, as his works inspire.
 Thrice happy he the mighty Greek who saw,
 And from his lips deriv'd the living law !
 Or they who in the first succeeding age,
 Felt the full force of his transcendant page ! 215
 Who next to Homer knew to touch the lyre,
 Outsoar the rest and lead the tuneful choir ;
 While later bards, a mean degenerate race,
 At awful distance know their destin'd place ;
 Too blind their father's beauties to discern ; 220
 Too dull to write, and yet too proud to learn.
 Ah ! the dire change, when from th' Inachian shore
 Fled the Greek Muse, and learning was no more !
 Hurl'd from their seats, her kings, her people roam,
 And point in exile to their ravish'd home. 225

The fierce barbarian, with insulting hand
 Shakes the red scourge, and desolates the land.
 The banish'd Muse our Latian fires detain,
 From Greece transported to th' Ausonian plain.
 Here, as they first their simple joys rehearse, 230
 Rough and uneven flows th' unpolish'd verse;
 Though rude the song, the rural Gods around
 Hail the glad omen, and approve the sound.
 Not yet had Ennius learnt his arms to wield,
 And paint in song the terrors of the field; 235
 Though first who dar'd, in yet untutor'd lays,
 In Italy presume the Grecian bays.
 Then others rose, ordain'd t' explain the laws
 Of nature, and explore each secret cause;
 Sweet was the polish'd strain, and pure the song, 240
 As ev'ry Muse had touch'd each tuneful tongue.
 Thus by degrees the Latian maid assum'd
 A nobler air, and with new beauties bloom'd.

Stript of her homely garb, the nymph is seen
 Of form majestic and exalted mien : 245
 Till, as obscur'd no more the face of day,
 The rains subside, the fever'd clouds give way ;
 In high effulgence shines the orb of light,
 Serenely fair, and beautifully bright ;
 Great Maro thus at once resplendent shone, 250
 And Phœbus glories in his fav'rite son.
 With heavenly skill, and art unknown before,
 He purges from it's dross the ancient ore :
 His plastic spirit breathes in ev'ry line,
 The sense to heighten and the verse refine, 255
 In thought, in word a God : O Muses, rise,
 And bear your Virgil's praises to the skies ;
 With bounteous hand the snow-white lily fling,
 Scatter the rose and rifle all the spring,
 For him who knew to rival all the fame, 260
 And veil the lustre of the Grecian name :

Nor yet shall Greece the just applause disdain,
 Tho' long enraptur'd with th' Homeric strain.
 With this what future age may hope to vie,
 When arts and arms exalting to the sky 265
 The Roman name, what human language can,
 Was well essay'd by this immortal man?
 It's zenith gain'd, the tuneful art decays,
 And sudden darkness veils the golden blaze.
 Degenerate bards to harsh discordant strains 270
 Wake the vext lyre; the blushing Muse complains.
 Here nature's pupil scorns the aid of art,
 And there a maniac plays his frantic part;
 With furious hand this strikes the sounding strings;
 At the rude touch the echoing concave rings; 275
 The brazen-throated verse it's torrent pours,
 And Latium groans thro' all her frighted shores;
 While these to harmony alone confin'd,
 Pursue the sound, but leave the sense behind;

Till Tyber's stream no genuine ray can boast; 280
 Genius illumines no more the dreary coast;
 But savage nations urge the stern command,
 And barb'rous speech and manners vex the land.
 No honour'd bard invokes the Muse's aid;
 Spurns the polluted foil th' Athenian maid; 285
 To thirst of gold the polish'd arts give way,
 And vice and dulness reign with mutual sway.
 Long did the fullen gloom its shade extend,
 And in one mass the dusky colours blend;
 Till, like the sun emerging from the tide, 290
 The Medici arose, the Tuscan pride,
 And Europe's hope, the Muses to restore,
 And bless with kindred arts Etruria's shore:
 Fir'd with the call the willing Muse obeys,
 And crowns her patrons with her choicest bays; 295
 Illustrious names! who pitying first the fates
 Of ruin'd Greece and her demolish'd states,

Left with the name the virtue should expire,
 Her language lost, extinct her sacred fire,
 From ev'ry clime, and ev'ry nation brought 300
 The youth who listen'd, and the sage who taught ;
 Bade learned leisure pour the grateful strain,
 And Greece once more illumine th' Ausonian plain.
 'Twas then that classic zeal's auspicious hand
 Explor'd the treasures of each distant land, 305
 Intent each monument of art t' obtain,
 Lost in the rage of a barbarian reign ;
 With science fraught her messengers return,
 The letter'd marble, and the polish'd urn ;
 The page of wisdom, hasting to decay, 310
 Learning, to savage ignorance long a prey ;
 Whate'er escapes, fierce pouring from afar,
 The victor flame, and the wild waste of war.
 But vain, alas ! records th' historic page
 The reign barbarian and the Gothic rage, 315

While, as impatient for a foreign lord,
 Still flames the fury of the civil sword;
 Still unsubdued our frantic broils increase,
 Nor past disasters warn us into peace!

Such were the former bards, and such their fate; 320
 Thou, where the Mantuan sits in solemn state,
 Direct thy fond regards, approach with awe,
 From him alone the perfect pattern draw;
 Him keep in view where'er he leads the way,
 Nor ever from the bright example stray. 325
 If more than one our pupil's cares engage,
 Be these the names of the Augustan age;
 Here let him stop, nor farther urge his course,
 Till ripening judgment gain it's utmost force;
 Then he is free where'er he list, to range; 330
 No charm can dazzle, and no art can change.

E'er the fond parent fix his lovely boy,
 Let prudent care his wary thoughts employ;

Him let him chuse, whom nature has design'd
 Of gentlest manners, as of wit refin'd; 335
 Of native sense, improv'd, not spoil'd by art,
 A prince in letters, with a parent's heart.
 The tender age a watchful care demands,
 And needs the kindly aid of foreign hands;
 Left, should no faithful guide's o'erruling skill 340
 With love of arts th' ingenuous bosom fill,
 A thousand snares his heedless steps betray,
 And charm the giddy wanderer from his way.
 So when the swain, to guard the tender birth
 Of infant shoots, prepares the fost'ring earth, 345
 Studios to each the taper pole he rears,
 Nor wind, nor driving rain the nursling fears;
 Till soon it seek no adventitious aid,
 The spreading branches form an awful shade,
 In lofty spires the stately columns rise, 350
 Swell from the vallies, and affect the skies.

But chief let him your sober thoughts approve
 To train our pupil, win his early love,
 Left should the stern and rigid air inspire
 With scorn contemptuous, or indignant ire, 355
 Unconscious he what charms to verse belong,
 And yet unsmitten with the love of song,
 For other arts the learned lyre forego,
 And basely mingle with the crowd below.
 Then cease, ye masters, cease your rage to burn ; 360
 The last disdain ; the fierce demeanour spurn ;
 Ne'er the vile scourge the charming boy shall bear,
 Ne'er down his cheek shall roll the bitter tear.
 Scar'd at his cries the gentle Muse retires ;
 Genius relumes no more her wonted fires ; 365
 Harden'd with cruel stripes, and wild with rage,
 No more he turns unbid the classic page ;
 Content th' appointed labour to fulfil,
 Ungrateful task, and foreign to his will.

How, for the smallest fault, in shameful guise, 370

How have I seen a brainless pedant rise,

Like some gaunt wolf impatient to devour,

And on the timid flock his vengeance pour !

The tyrant storms ; the culprits tremble round,

And groans and scourges thro' the dome resound ! 375

Full oft shall mem'ry paint one dreadful day,

When raging fierce and frantic in his sway,

Fain from his glance th' astonish'd crowd would fly,

Scar'd at the livid lightning of his eye.

Among the rest, a lovely youth was there, 380

Of form superior and distinguish'd air :

Unmindful of his task, in wanton play,

He with his fellows clos'd the studious day :

When fury kindling in the master's breast,

Loud thund'ring threats his demon-rage express ; 385

Trembling the victim sees the lifted hand

Wave high the rigid ensigns of command ;

A sudden terror taints the purple flood;
 Check'd in it's course the living current flood;
 Disease invades with all subduing power, 390
 Wastes his sweet youth, and blasts the op'ning flower;
 To tyrant force, too soon he yields his breath,
 And sinks reluctant in the arms of death.
 Where'er thy poplars wave, majestic Po,
 Or Serius, where thy gentler currents flow, 395
 Palæmon's fate the beauteous Naiads mourn,
 And wash with pious tears his hallow'd urn,
 And every wood nymph to their ecchoes round,
 Returns in groans the melancholy found!
 Since the sad hour that by Alcides' hand, 400
 The tuneful Linus fought the Stygian strand,
 (The harsh command indignant he withstood,
 And dy'd the vocal shell with sacred blood)
 Let masters hear, and shun the stern debate,
 Warn'd and instructed by the poet's fate; 405

While each ingenuous youth with rev'rence hears
The wary counfels of maturer years.

He who with honest thirst of glory fir'd,
Would train the youth by ev'ry Muse inspir'd,
With friendship's warmth pursues his steady aim, 410
And gently draws him by the love of fame.
When once his breast the spark ethereal warms,
Incites to labour, and his soul informs,
The active flame it's native vigour shews,
And all Apollo in his bosom glows. 415

Who class the youthful pupil we commend ;
Sweet is the strife, where generous souls contend ;
While mutual studies high ambition raise,
And fire with honest thirst of well earn'd praise.
Should the staunch hound, or painted quiver shewn 420
Provoke the strife, impatient of renown,
With mutual zeal inspir'd, no thought of rest
Can check the flame that warms each rival breast ;

Each emulous and eager pushes on,
 Trims the late lamp, and scorns to be outdone, 425
 Though lost in ocean sinks the orb of light,
 And wide o'erspread the fullen shades of night.

When once to choice the rip'ning habit grows,
 Impetuous youth no frozen medium knows.
 Not fame alone and thirst of glory moves, 430
 But for herself the gentle Muse he loves:
 No change his mind can shake, no time or place,
 No force can sever from her strict embrace.
 Who has not seen, when fordidly remov'd
 By selfish parents from the arts they lov'd, 435
 With nature's dictate should some chance conspire,
 Renew the flame, and rouse the slumb'ring fire,
 With what delight the youth their tribute bring,
 Repeat infatiate the Pierian spring,
 And wild with joy the yoke parental break, 440
 And burst the iron bondage from their neck?

So when the steed, accusom'd to the rein,
 Scents the known females in some distant plain,
 He stops ; he turns ; he paws in trembling heat,
 The hollow ground, and champs the foaming bit ; 445
 Indignant hears the furious master chide,
 Nor feels the goad that rankles in his side ;
 Till forc'd, at length, with impotent delay,
 And sullen step he takes his tardy way,
 In fond reluctance throws his eyes around, 450
 And, as he neighs, the echoing hills resound.
 How oft, to guilty palaces confin'd,
 Slaves to the scepter'd rulers of mankind,
 Snatch'd from the Muses, and their native seat,
 Sigh the sad youth for Tyber's calm retreat, 455
 Or thine, O Tusculum, content to bear
 Unspoil'd by wealth, the winter's storm severe,
 Far from the tumults mad ambition brings,
 And cares that ceaseless haunt the courts of kings !

Since some consign'd t' unprofitable toil, 460
 Waste their best efforts on a barren soil;
 Doom'd still to mourn their dearest wishes crost,
 Blasted each hope, each generous labour lost,
 These certain signs the rising genius shew,
 And in his breast the flames celestial glow. 465
 Sprightly and free, the youth self mov'd proceeds,
 Nor stern rebuke, nor harsh remonstrance needs;
 Each honour'd teacher views with partial eyes,
 And still enquiring, as new doubts arise,
 With nature's vigour the lov'd toil pursues, 470
 And ev'ry hour the growing flame renews.
 Foremost the glorious contest to invite,
 He leaps exulting in a victor's right;
 But if subdued, unable now to bear
 His equal's gaze, the master's eye severe, 475
 In solitary shades he seeks relief,
 By anxious care consum'd, and rack'd with grief;

His alter'd looks the inward conflict shew,
 And down his cheeks the graceful sorrows flow.
 Such be the youth the Muses shall inspire, 480
 And touch his hallow'd lips with sacred fire :
 Phœbus for such prepares th' unfading crown,
 Calls from the throng, and stamps him for his own.
 But he whose sluggish soul no power can charm,
 Nor shame provoke, nor sense of glory warm ; 485
 Whose torpid passions one dull tenor keep,
 Though fury rave, tho' gentle pity weep ;
 Whose ear unblest'd no precept can retain,
 Deaf as the adder to the tuneful strain ;
 May ne'er approach the Heliconian stream, 490
 Nor violate the shade of Academe.

Scarce will the critic deign a scanty praise
 To the green bard and his unripen'd lays ;
 To time alone the mellow fruits belong,
 Of the full year, and the transporting song. 495

Not me the quick unkindly growth can please,
 Till blushing autumn bend the loaded trees,
 Of various hue the cluster'd vines appear,
 At once embellish, and enrich the year.
 Too early ripe, dropt from the parent bough, 500
 The clusters fall, wide scatter'd all below ;
 Neglected there, they hasten to decay,
 Crush'd by each clown that treads the slippery way.

Let none austere the stripling sports deny,
 Nor of his joys defraud the sprightly boy ; 505
 Some short recess the studious year may claim,
 On Tyber's steep to rouse the timorous game ;
 To chase the goat, the nimble deer t' ensnare,
 Or far from cities, in a purer air,
 Mark the rude manners of the village swain, 410
 And taste the simple beauties of the plain.
 Yet not to sports alone he yields the day,
 But oft retiring, takes his pensive way,

Where high Albunea waves her stately groves,
 Or thro' the meads the limpid Anio roves ; 513
 To lift'ning dryads fings in equal lays,
 The rural customs, and the rural praise.
 So when repeated harvests load the plain,
 Barren a while th' unlabour'd fields remain ;
 Till the tir'd soil, it's pristine force restor'd, 520
 With grateful change repays each rustic lord ;
 In proud luxuriance waves the drooping ear,
 And generous plenty crowns th' exulting year.

Yet not alike on all does genius pour
 The ray sublime, and gild the natal hour : 525
 What crowds there are, as if in nature's spite
 Who court the Muse, and right or wrong must write!
 Apes of Parnassus, who in evil hour
 Mistake the inclination for the power !
 But vain th' attempt, the fond ambition vain ; 530
 No Muse appears, no God inspires the strain ;

Phoebus disdains to hear the fruitless prayer,
 Driv'n by the winds, and lost in empty air :
 More fit perhaps, to wage the wordy war,
 And guide the labours of the wrangling bar ; 555
 Or deep involv'd in metaphysic lore,
 Nature thro' all her mazes to explore,
 With toil minute each secret cause explain,
 And trace each link of the mysterious chain :
 Yet have we known determin'd zeal aspire 560
 To native warmth, and light the sacred fire.

Not least the task, till riper years may bear
 Thy flames, O Love, thy iron yoke severe,
 From the sweet youth to turn the pois'nous dart,
 And cautious guard his inexperience'd heart : 565
 For oft, too soon, the raging smart he feels ;
 Oft to his inmost soul the venom steals,
 Each bard neglected, once his fav'rite theme,
 He tastes no more the pure Castalian stream ;

But sighs, with care consum'd, the livelong day ; 570
 Round his pale slumbers nightly phantoms play ;
 The virgin vision swims before his eyes,
 And more inflames the wound by which he dies.
 In ills like these, what arts successful prove !
 What draught can heal the wasting pains of love ! 575
 In vain shall soothing friendship's pious care,
 Pæonian juice and healing herbs prepare ;
 Not Poesy, sweet maid, his griefs can charm ;
 Far other flames his anxious bosom warm ;
 Fierce jealousy, by turns, and dark despair, 580
 With all their ghastly train inhabit there.

When now to man the ripening pupil grows,
 And bright the living spark of genius glows ;
 When self-devoted at Apollo's shrine,
 He feels within the genuine ray divine, 585
 Not verse alone the studious hour may claim ;
 Each author will conduce to feed the flame ;

To form the bard, no science shall disdain
 It's aid, and waken an immortal strain.
 But chief shall tuneful Tully's splendid page, 590
 That world of eloquence, his cares engage ;
 Rome's other star, whom Latium proud to own,
 Mourns the sad fate of her exalted son ;
 Father of speech, who from th' exhaustless stores
 Of his rich mine the learned treasure pours ; 595
 To ev'ry name as much superior known,
 As mighty Rome the prostrate world outshone.

Worthy the toil, nor slender were the praise,
 To study man, and mark his various ways ;
 From books, and charts, and travellers to know 600
 What climes are found, what empires here below ;
 What stately cities strew the spacious ball ;
 What laws prevail, what manners reign in all ;
 Though better still to see the wond'rous whole,
 And follow wisdom to the distant pole. 605

Some we have known, who studious to declare
 In equal strains, the horrid pomp of war,
 Have not disdain'd in cumb'rous arms t' appear,
 The sword to wield, or poise the glitt'ring spear ;
 Thro' list'd fields, with martial rage to go, 610
 And hurl the iron tempest on the foe.
 But fate withstands, nor life's contracted span
 Grants perfect knowledge to imperfect man.
 Since in each art no mortal e'er may gain
 Perfection's height, the fond attempt were vain : 615
 Enough in some to touch upon the shore,
 And here and there the various coast explore ;
 While others a more strict attention claim,
 Study is wisdom here, and science fame.
 'Tis not for him who in pursuit of gain, 620
 Trusts the frail bark, and tempts th' inconstant main,
 Through ev'ry clime to urge his various way,
 And idly there, in search of wonders stray :

Enough, if coasting with propitious winds
 From shore to shore, the destin'd port he finds ; 625
 Left, like Ulysses, plung'd by adverse fate,
 In all the horrors of the vagrant state ;
 Far from his country and his native home,
 Condemn'd in hopeless misery to roam,
 Scarce have his children met his longing eyes, 630
 When sunk in death the wretched wand'rer lies.
 Still as the orb of day his course renews,
 Or shadowy eve returns furcharg'd with dews,
 Still let each hallow'd bard your thoughts employ,
 Your daily study and your nightly joy ; 635
 Still to their copious stream incessant bring
 The fond desire, and haunt the Muse's spring ;
 And as you turn the tuneful pages o'er,
 Draw from their fountain, and increase your store,
 To some important theme your cares confine, 640
 Of useful moral and approv'd design,

And as the grateful labour you pursue,
 Regard the end, and keep the prize in view.

The lesser arts of verse the Muse may spare;
 Rather be these the prudent master's care; 645
 His be the task to teach the metre's laws,
 By just division scann'd and certain pause.
 But here, since practice only can impart
 The lower maxims of the poet's art,
 In frequent custom let each rule be found 650
 Of tuneful measure and harmonious sound;
 Soon let the youthful bard begin to raise
 The strain sublime, and win the Muse's praise;
 Oft to himself the rising thought repeat,
 Reduce to law, and model into feet, 655
 Mindful of those to whom the pow'rs belong
 Of magic numbers and unrival'd song.
 Now all entranc'd the stripling poet stands,
 (The great occasion all his care demands)

All eye, all ear, left giddy haste betray, 660
 Or inexperience lead his steps astray.
 From pole to pole wide ranging unconfin'd,
 Thro' ev'ry region soars his ardent mind.
 What forms of speech, what figures may combine,
 With mutual aid to perfect the design, 665
 Oft he revolves ; and now before his eyes
 A thousand schemes in swift succession rise ;
 No indolent delay, no rest he knows,
 With various thought his anxious bosom glows ;
 With various thought confounded and oppress'd, 670
 Rapture and doubt by turns divide his breast ;
 And oft asham'd he finds what most he knew,
 Dispers'd and vanish'd as the morning dew.
 His ear, his judgment now by turns decide
 If ev'ry thought the rigid test may 'bide ; 675
 Revolving still, if heard or known before,
 Aught lie conceal'd ; then from the plenteous store,

The golden treasure pour'd elate he views;
 And now, unsought, from some inspiring Muse,
 Well pleas'd the mighty transport to bestow, 680
 Sudden as fate th' unlabour'd numbers flow.
 Now ev'ry varied form of phrase he tries;
 Does and undoes; the growing labours rise;
 As grows the labour, rising genius towers
 On bolder wing, and calls forth all her powers: 685
 For oft a harsh and rugged theme affords
 New scope for genius and new choice of words;
 Scarce can success his utmost efforts find;
 Wit toils in vain, and fancy lags behind.
 Now thro' the weary way he panting goes, 690
 Where rugged rocks the toilsome march oppose,
 Till fairer scenes and smoother paths invite,
 And the gloom issues in a flood of light.
 By native strength, or some propitious pow'r,
 Victorious now, how shines the radiant hour! 695

Alcides thus Nemea's monster view'd,
 Clad in his spoils, and grim with savage blood.
 But when nor chance, nor native force avails,
 When still in vain, as wearied nature fails,
 With grateful change some happier hour he waits, 700
 Of brighter views and more propitious fates,
 To longer pause reluctant he retires,
 Till drowfy genius wake her slumb'ring fires.
 So the lone trav'ler hasting o'er the plain,
 Where rushing cataracts of descending rain 705
 From the high cliff a sudden deluge pour,
 And down the foaming vale impetuous roar,
 Astonish'd stands, and from the torrent's side,
 Marks the wide waste of the tremendous tide,
 Nor dares the boist'rous flood, content t' explore 710
 Some safer way, or linger on the shore,
 Till their due bounds the less'ning waters know,
 And softly murmur thro' the vale below.

Let not at once the unfledg'd bard aspire
 To serious themes, nor dare th' Homerean lyre; 715
 Not Iliads now the young occasion suit,
 And the soft warblings of the shepherd flute;
 Enough at first, in equal strains to sing
 The puny tribes that buz on insect wing;
 How o'er the croaking race, impetuous drives 720
 The victor mouse; what myriads yield their lives;
 Or how the dire Arachne bids prepare
 Her felon toils, and guards the filmy snare.

Our counsels now, ye prudent masters hear,
 Nor urge too far the critic art severe: 725
 Much tender care ingenuous youth will claim,
 Lest stern remonstrance quench the glimm'ring flame;
 Till of itself enlighten'd genius learn,
 As light'ning quick, instinctive to discern,
 And blushing to review each latent fault, 730
 With polish'd skill, and chaste, superior thought.

But should the censor stern, with critic eye,
 Each blemish mark, each fault minute descry,
 Shock'd at the sight, and hopeless he forbears
 The learned lyre, and yields to vulgar cares. 735
 Should then my roof receive some gentle guest,
 With ev'ry native mark of genius blest,
 Who, prompt to learn, and eager to obey,
 Shuns not to follow where we lead the way,
 In courteous guise, with mild and candid air, 740
 I'd greet the modest stranger, nor would spare,
 His first attempts indulgent to regard,
 Praise the rude labours of the unfledg'd bard,
 On ev'ry happier thought delight to dwell,
 And artfully incite him to excel. 745
 But if, when eager hopes his breast inflame,
 And point the way to dignity and fame,
 Some verse should chance, superior strains among,
 Halting to draw it's ling'ring train along,

A fault that haste admitted, unperceiv'd, 750
 By lawless sounds unskilfully deceiv'd,
 With gentlest art our counsels should amend,
 Nor in the rigid master lose the friend.

Let none, for so the Muses have decreed,
 Let none presume the poet's glorious meed, 755
 Nor tempt a theme 'twere insolent to dare,
 Unless, of bus'ness void, and free from care,
 Far from the world at liberty to rove,
 Amid the sacred silence of the grove,
 He quit the scenes where noise and riot reign, 760
 For the calm stillness of the peaceful plain;
 Where in their native haunts the dryads sport,
 And Pan and Faunus keep their rural court.
 'Tis there by fear unvex'd, unspoil'd by wealth,
 Blest with the charms of innocence and health, 765
 The studious bard each blissful hour employs;
 No horrid thirst of gold disturbs his joys;

No monstrous wish, no impious hopes invade
 The chaste recesses of the tuneful shade;
 But pleasures known to few, and quiet pour 770
 Their balm around, and guard the Muse's bower.

Curst be the wretch, from savage tygers sprung,
 Whose impious hand, or rude reproachful tongue,
 With rage profane the hallow'd throng shall dare,
 By force attempt, or wage the stand'rous war. 775
 Some by the Muse exalted have we known,
 With look askance and supercilious frown
 Regard the arts by which at first they rose,
 Scorn the blest bard, and join the Muses' foes.
 Mortals, be warn'd, th' avenging pow'rs respect, 780
 Nor vex, presumptuous, whom the Gods protect;
 Who, born superior to all meaner things,
 The spoils of kingdoms, and the pride of kings,
 Spurn the low cares that lesser minds employ,
 Their idle terrors and tumultuous joy, 785

When heav'n's dread fire, his rapid light'nings hurl'd,
 Blasts the high towers, and shakes a guilty world;
 Not the dire crash that o'er each mountain's head
 Rolls it's impetuous fires, the wretch's dread,
 Can from their center move the souls sublime, 790
 That pure from vice, and innocent of crime,
 With mind elate, in heav'nly ardours glow,
 And greatly live the life of Gods below.

Their sacred source from heav'n the Muses draw;
 Far hence, ye vulgar, or approach with awe! 795
 In glorious fraud ambitious to aspire,
 Who ravish'd erst Jove's own ethereal fire,
 To earth the tuneful pow'rs triumphant bore,
 And cheer'd with verse th' inhospitable shore.
 Given by the fates amidst the stars to rove, 800
 And share the banquets of the Gods above,
 To tread the star-strew'd pavement, and to hear
 The sacred nine, as each revolving sphere

In mystic dance pursues it's stat'd round,
 Bid heav'n's high arch th' immortal strains resound, 805
 Prometheus then, whose all capacious mind
 Saw their rude state, in pity to mankind,
 With pious fraud the glorious prize convey'd,
 And bore the Muse to Pindus' sacred shade.
 The heav'nly powers, the wond'rous prize obtain'd, 810
 Confirm the grant, while the great donor chain'd
 To the rude rock, the rigid sentence pays,
 And on his breast th' eternal vulture preys.
 By his sad fate, for many an age dismay'd,
 No vent'rous bard invok'd the sisters' aid : 815
 The Gods themselves alone, in measur'd strain,
 Reveal their counsels, and the fates explain.
 His dread decrees first sung the Thund'rer Jove,
 In thine, Dodona, and the Libyan grove ;
 Next Phocian Themis from her secret cave, 820
 To list'ning crowds the mystic answer gave ;

Then too, Apollo, from thy Delphic shrine,
 Responsive flow'd the oracle divine :
 Nor, Faunus, less our Latian grandfires own
 Thy song prophetic, and thy rural throne. 825
 But chief, O Salem, of illustrious name,
 Thy fainted bards th' inspiring pow'r proclaim ;
 Or they, the Sibyls, who divinely glow'd
 In the full impulse of the present God.
 Then, what the fates of old prophetic sung, 830
 Caught and re-ecchoed from each tuneful tongue,
 Men first begin the mimic strain to raise,
 And wake the strings to panegyric lays ;
 Where flow'd the bowl, some hero's praise went round
 And thro' the dome the thund'ring plaudits found. 835
 Sweet Poesy ! with thee what art can vie !
 Thou first, and fairest daughter of the sky !
 Thy pow' er divine what mortal but must know ?
 What less than God the transport can bestow,

When themes celestial the rapt poet bear 840

Beyond the stars, to breath empyreal air?

Unhear'd by thee, the changing season lours;

Nor joy, nor pleasure mark the ling'ring hours.

Where'er the warblers of the feather'd choir!

Attune the lay, thy genial rays inspire. 845

By numbers charm'd, the monsters cease t' engage,

In mortal conflict, and forget their rage.

When sounds in Orpheus' hand the vocal shell

The finny nations round their transports tell;

Draw the tall groves their waving spires along; 850

And leap the mountains at th' enchanting song.

Nor less when mighty love the poet led

To seek the shadowy regions of the dead,

His melting strains the hovering shades entrance;

Mov'd at the sound see spectred forms advance! 855

Then first the tuneful charm fierce Cerb'rus found,

And dire Erynné felt the soothing sound.

By thee, O Muse, the bard, a mortal guest,
 Delighted sits at Jove's ambrosial feast :
 Thou, gentle soother of each anxious care, 860
 Canst soften anguish, and disarm despair.
 All hail ! whose aid from mortals can remove
 The sting of woe, and charm the pow'rs above !
 Far from the giddy tumults of the throng,
 Thy vot'ry I, the studious youth among, 865
 Thy praise alone ambitious to attain,
 Approach the precincts of thy hallow'd fane ;
 Poet and priest, the sacred tribute bear,
 And offer at thy shrine the vow sincere.

THE
P O E T I C S:

B O O K II.

O Muse proceed ; offspring of heav'n, once more
On you I call, your tuneful aid implore !

In no mean toil ambitious to engage,
The guide and patron of each future age ;
Presuming yet, advent'rous to go on, 5
And ope each secret source of Helicon,
The bard inspire, as to your awful shrine
Foremost he bears the sacred gifts divine,
And leads thro' arduous and unbeaten ways,
Whose brow shall one day grace the poet's lays. 10
Since but to you each secret path is known,
Propitious now your faithful vot'ry own,

H

And point the way ; and lo ! where thronging stand,
 And lift the eye and raise the suppliant hand,
 Th' aspiring youth our counsels shall prepare, 15
 In high attempt your envied praise to share.

How from the poet's mind creative flows
 The fruitful theme ; how fittest to dispose
 Each great event, and give to ev'ry part
 Each charm of nature, and each grace of art, 20

Studious to teach, unwearied we pursue
 The growing labour, and our toils renew ;
 No slender task ! tho' oft to whom is giv'n
 The blaze of genius, the pure light of heav'n,
 Transported still the stream of verse shall find 25
 Unbidden flow, and fashion'd to his mind.

But first another care the art will claim,
 That leads the way to glory and to fame.
 He who presumes the poet's fate to try,
 And tempt the arduous passage to the sky, 30

In brief yet chosen language shall explain
 The source and progress of the future strain,
 Sketch out at once the track he would pursue,
 And place the general subject full in view;
 Nor, uninvok'd some deity, shall dare 35
 Prune the light wing, and soar aloft in air:
 No pow'r address'd, what God shall deign to bless,
 Or crown the impious labour with success?
 Not once alone will serve the Muse t' implore,
 But still, like rocks along the craggy shore, 40
 As in the way increasing toils appear,
 And labours rise, for mortal too severe,
 So oft implor'd the Gods their aid shall lend,
 And still each duteous votary befriend.
 Avoid at first the ostentatious glare 45
 Of ornament; the tumid phrase forbear:
 In humbler style, with modest guise and meek,
 The reader sooth; his confidence bespeak;

Devoid of pomp your argument propose ;
 Left, if before th' embattled legions close, 50
 Th' impetuous verse it's hasty torrent pour,
 When comes the conflict, when th' important hour
 Should all the soul of poetry inspire,
 And each expression touch with living fire,
 The creeping strain it's author's genius shews, 55
 And sinks from turgid into humble prose.
 Better from small beginnings to proceed
 In just progression, so shall all who read,
 With fresh delight th' increasing splendor own,
 And hail the setting as the rising sun. 60
 But when some subject you propose to treat,
 In cautious terms the great occasion meet ;
 Let words remote and distant hints combine
 To form the page that opens the design ;
 Yet tho' the artful veil but half reveals, 65
 The thing expresses, but the name conceals,

Still to each skilful eye, distinct and clear
 Through all it's windings shall the sense appear.
 Thus, if the subject on Ulysses ran,
 No word should mark the much enduring man; 70
 Him would I sing, who when the Grecian flame
 Encompass'd Ilium, now no more a name!
 Shipwreck'd and poor, by adverse fate impell'd
 Thro' various labours, various climes beheld,
 And still conducted by th' Athenian maid, 75
 Their cities saw, their laws and manners weigh'd.
 More would I add, and starting for the goal,
 In one compendious view comprize the whole.

Sing then, O Muse, what care the poet knows,
 Intent the various subject to dispose 80
 In order meet, and so the whole combine,
 That each well manag'd and connected line
 Still to it's point with steady course shall tend,
 One in it's rise and progress to the end.

And first, no obvious matter shall be there, 85
 Familiar to the fancy or the ear ;
 Of novelty devoid, what art can give
 Grace to the song, or bid attention live ?
 Hence the Muse takes a wide extensive range,
 And charms the reader with perpetual change : 90
 Her hero's acts disdaining to rehearse
 In form, a mere dull history in verse,
 With artful turns best forwards the intent,
 And leads, mysterious, to the great event.
 Most from the midst, where nobler themes invite, 95
 Urge their first efforts, and begin their flight,
 And thence returning, mark each time and place,
 And from it's rise minute each action trace :
 Left, should the reader see before his eyes
 A length of way, where " Alps on Alps arise," 100
 Dubious he stops, uncertain whither tend
 His steps, and where the growing toil shall end.

For when at once into the midst of things,
 With prudent care the bard his reader brings,
 Short he presumes the way, and but begun, 105
 Conceives at once the growing labour done.
 Yet from the port his anxious steps pursue,
 Tho' seeming just at hand, and full in view,
 Immeasur'd tracts of various clime divide,
 And pours old ocean his tremendous tide. 110
 No bard about an Iliad to compose,
 Observes the order of historic prose,
 Nor from the Phrygian shepherd's judgment dates
 His poem, nor in rigid form relates
 Whate'er of ill the hardy Grecians bore, 115
 When rag'd great Hector on the sea girt shore.
 Rather with war and blood he crowns the whole,
 And wakes each latent feeling in the soul :
 Premising first how storm'd stern Peleus' son,
 Robb'd of the beauteous prize his arms had won. 120

Then battles rise, then pours the mutual flood,
 The armies close, and all is dust and blood ;
 The Grecians here, and there the Trojans fall,
 As those attack, and these defend the wall ;
 Simois and Xanthus swell with heaps of slain, 125
 And their gorg'd streams run purple to the main.
 Nor will he heedless pass in silence by
 The Greeks conjur'd at Aulis to destroy
 Old Priam's realm ; the thousand ships that bare
 Th' impetuous troops indignant to the war ; 130
 The rape of Helen ; fierce Atrides' rage ;
 Whate'er befell shall crown the glorious page,
 While nine laborious years they seek in vain
 To raze old Troy, and quench the Dardan reign.
 Or should he rise, ambitious to relate, 135
 How Ithacus, (o'erturn'd the Trojan state)
 From shore to shore, by cruel fortune driven,
 Endur'd the stern decree of angry heaven ;

He not begins where first the brazen prone
Is turn'd to sea, and quits th' Idæan shore, 140

Nor where the fierce Ciconians he subdu'd,
And dy'd his vet'ran arms in savage blood,

But when the hero, his companions lost,
First reach'd, Calypso, thy Ogygian coast.

Thence, various toils subdued, the chief shall come, 145

To good Alcinous' hospitable dome;

There as around the golden goblet flows,

Entranc'd they hear the story of his woes,

With soften'd looks survey the wond'rous man,

And thro' each train the sad infection ran. 150

But when the bard would past events recite,

And usher old transactions into light,

Thence he delights each future scene to date,

And trace their present from their former state.

Much it behoves the poet to conceal 155

The grand event, nor artless to reveal

Too early, what the reader longs to learn,
 When dread Achilles' wrath shall cease to burn;
 By what vast gifts appeas'd, he deigns to bear
 The arms divine, and wield the Pelian spear; 160
 Or how, escap'd, Ulysses safe may brave
 The giant Cyclop, and his bloody cave.
 Mindful of this, delighted we renew
 The pleasing toil, nor hunger can subdue
 The fond desire, nor Morpheus come to shed 165
 His drowsy poppies o'er each sinking head.
 'Tis thus we see exulting in his art,
 The great Mæonian play his subtle part;
 From scene to scene he hurries us along
 Lost in the charm and blandishment of song. 170
 When eager fancy ushers to the fight
 The beauteous Paris and the promis'd fight,
 While stern Atrides, now approaching near,
 Exults in arms, and shakes his thirsty spear,

The fight stands still, till Argive Helen shew 175

To Priam, reverend sire, each Grecian foe ;

Each hero by his name we hear her call,

And various converse reigns throughout the wall.

So when the chaste Penelope declar'd,

'Twixt hope and fear, herself the bright reward, 180

To him alone, her hero like, who knew,

With matchless force, to bend the stubborn yew ;

With wond'rous skill each female art she tries,

Glorious in guile, and politicly wise.

In deep suspense th' impatient suitors wait, 185

Till, to decide at once each prince's fate,¹

Trembling she brings, with lingering steps and slow,

From the high room the Ulyssæan bow.

Not to the last shall total darkness veil

The sequel, nor the grand event conceal ; 190

But distant hints, with glimmering rays pervade

The fullen gloom, and lighten thro' the shade.

Thus old Anchises, and the heaven taught seers
 Disclose the fates ; Æneas pensive hears
 How future wars shall waste th' Ausonian plain, 195
 And great Achilles shine in arms again :
 Yet better days the fav'ring fates design,
 And cheer with soothing hope the man divine.
 Nor less himself the happy omen knew,
 When as to shore the Trojan vessels drew, 200
 The vent'rous clown, advanc'd before the rest,
 Felt the keen jav'lin quivering in his breast.
 Menæti'us' son, as pale on earth he lies,
 And shades eternal hover o'er his eyes,
 Like fates predicted on the Phrygian strand, 205
 To the stern victor, by Pelides' hand.
 Thou, Turnus too, unhappy might'st descry
 Approaching fate, and Ate's vengeful cry,
 When sounding dreadful, on thy shield was seen,
 And o'er thy head, the screaming bird obscene, 210

And e'er the sisters stop'd thy destin'd breath,

Hear the shrill voice that call'd thee to thy death.

Hence, sung the Mantuan bard, a time will come,

In terror clad, and big with instant doom,

When thou alas! shalt wish, but wish in vain, 215

Untouch'd the spoils of youthful Pallas slain;

Not long the fatal conquest to enjoy;

The victor waits thee, and thy end is nigh!

Such hints obscure, tho' much untold remains,

Refresh the reader, and relieve his pains. 220

So, when the tow'rs the traveller's steps pursue,

O'er the high hills first glimmering meet his view,

Though distant yet, with hope his bosom glows,

Fresh he pursues his way, nor seeks repose:

Not so, when lost in shades the darkling scene 225

Shrinks from the view, and mountains rise between.

Who hopes t' excell, must oft with skill mature

His work survey, and ev'ry part secure,

With frequent care review the whole design,
 Weigh ev'ry sentence, and each thought refine; 230
 Else all in vain the high attempt you dare,
 And praise the genius that you cannot share.

Not giddy chance shall mark th' inconstant song,
 Nor fancy urge with devious force along;
 But vigorous judgment, with a monarch's right, 235
 Rein the poetic steed and rule his flight;
 Lest oft eccentric ranging here and there,
 Now creeping low, now soaring high in air,
 He wander wide, thro' various regions brought,
 In all the wild uncertainty of thought. 240

How oft we see, untimely from the course,
 Who turn aside, and waste their erring force
 On foreign themes, while guiltless of the true,
 Some vague delusive meteor they pursue!
 As if some exile, his long labours past, 245
 Beholding safe his native soil at last,

Not by the nearest way his course should take,
 But here and there the beaten track forsake,
 With vain delight o'er ev'ry scene to rove,
 The stream, the fountain, and the shady grove. 250
 Why should the bard, preparing to recite
 The shock of battle and the rage of fight,
 Describe, while stands the business of the war,
 The wheels and trappings of each hero's car?
 So, should some empty boaster be design'd, 255
 Of valour void, and impotent of mind,
 Who idly girded with the warrior sword,
 Had follow'd to the field some Grecian lord,
 Who shall expect the poet to declare
 His height of shoulders or his want of hair, 260
 How ill his looks the trade of arms became,
 If one eye blink'd, or if one leg was lame?
 Such circumstantial trifles but beguile
 Th' impatient reader, and defraud his toil.

With other grace the Mantuan has pourtray'd 265

Drances, best fitted for the peaceful shade ;

Design'd by nature not the sword to wield,

And reap the purple harvest of the field ;

Yet fam'd for wealth he draws the crowd along,

In council bold, and turbulent of tongue. 270

But the Greek Muse may much indulgence bear,

And claim a licence our's disdains to share.

How shall we now th' unworthy efforts tell,

By which inferior bards have fought t' excell ?

Vain of their learning these, in pompous shew 275

And gay profusion, heap whate'er they know,

Guiltless of art, in one huge mass bestow'd,

And the verse groans beneath th' enormous load.

Chief they affect, unknown to vulgar ears,

Abstruser themes, the motion of the spheres, 280

Th' impervious nature of th' immortal Gods,

And the dread secrets of the blest abodes,

The soul's mysterious source, how first the flame 10
 From heaven convey'd, inform'd the earthly frame.
 And oft, (let youth such ways to fame forbear, 285
 Nor poorly perish in so mean a snare)
 Though time and place the needless toil refuse,
 From ev'ry side they bring with hand profuse
 Some useless hero, some superfluous sage,
 And crowd with nothings the unmeaning page. 290
 Some bards, 'tis true, nor those unknown to fame,
 Leaving a while the way that first they came,
 Where life and manners mark the moral song,
 Or battles rise the rapid strains among,
 To other themes digressing turn aside, 295
 What force impelling swells old ocean's tide ;
 What causes dire earth's trembling entrails rend ;
 When rise the twinkling stars, and when descend ;
 How thro' the stated signs the orb of day,
 In annual progress holds his shining way ; 300

Or how the silver regent of the night,
 Her horn renewing, sheds her sacred light.
 But first each circumstance of time and place
 So they adjust, and with so true a grace
 The whole dispose, that not a word shall seem 305
 Forc'd from it's place, or foreign to the theme.
 So when Æneas asks his aged fire,
 Why should he thun to say if souls aspire,
 Snatch'd from this earthy clime, again to share
 The light of life, and breathe the vital air ? 310
 Or, when occasion offers, to relate
 What powers inform them in that sever'd state,
 What energy divine the spirits know,
 Freed from the body in the realms below ?
 Yet, since unless variety abound, 315
 No genuine source of pleasure can be found,
 With grateful change diversify the strain,
 Nor to the dregs the hackney'd subject drain.

Whene'er fatigued attention to restore,
 Studious you quit the track you travel'd o'er, 320
 Not without reason rashly turn aside,
 But from the path with just transition glide;
 Spontaneous shall the strain appear to flow,
 And not a trace of art laborious shew.
 Thus on Æneas' arms divine was seen, 325
 With heav'nly skill design'd, each future scene,
 The wars Iulus' valiant offspring wag'd,
 Where fell the mighty, and the battle rag'd;
 How triumph'd Rome, where'er her eagle flew,
 Inur'd to arms, and practis'd to subdue. 330
 But should some bard of Latian birth relate
 The foil and manners of each distant state,
 The warlike Mede, the Æthiop rich in gold,
 Or the vast wealth of haughty Ind unfold;
 On Bactria or Panchaia love to dwell, 335
 And of their spicy coasts delight to tell,

Unworthy he the Roman name to bear,
 His glorious country is no more his care,
 Unless her praise exalting to the skies,
 Far as the bird of Jove exulting flies 340
 Above the rest, he raise her towering fame,
 Beyond each Grecian or Barbaric name.
 Ne'er shall we then with erring fury pour
 The critic shaft, nor scorn whose tuneful power,
 And sportive strains with sweet digression chear, 345
 Fill the sooth'd soul, and hang upon the ear.
 Nor would I doubt, the Colean art pourtray'd,
 And each rude engine of the rural trade,
 With tragic scenes to crown the verse and tell,
 What prodigies appear'd, when Julius fell; 350
 Or, Bacchus' praise rehears'd, and how the year
 Paints the rich vine, and waves the golden ear,
 To sing the humble quiet of the plain,
 And the chaste pleasures of the shepherd swain.

Some, when the subject verges to it's close, 355
 And every theme th' approaching issue shews,
 Long hov'ring round, e'er yet they reach the goal,
 With various fallies touch the ravish'd soul;
 Pensive at length we view the labour done,
 And with the tuneful pleasure but begun. 360
 Who shall forbid, when sung the tribes that dwell
 In herbs and flowers, and build the honied cell,
 The plaints of Aristæus to relate,
 For each unpeopled swarm's untimely fate;
 What remedy the nymph Cyrene found, 365
 And how the youth the wily Proteus bound?
 Nor would we seek the tender woe to shun
 Of the sad Muse and her enchanting son,
 But share his tuneful sorrows by the side
 Of Hebrus pouring swift his foaming tide, 370
 When, Philomela like, the groves among,
 Alone he pour'd the melancholy song;

The high abode of Rhesus learnt to wail
 The poet, and repeat his piteous tale ;
 Bleak Rhodope thro' all her echoes mourn'd, 375
 And sigh for sigh, and groan for groan return'd.
 Thus they who shew what chiefs their hosts prepare,
 And pour their marshall'd myriads to the war,
 Doubt not, digressing from the theme to sing
 The fate of Phœbus' offspring, and the king, 380
 Who, as he sooth'd his sorrows to the sound
 Of mournful measures, first astonish'd found,
 With snowy plumes his members cover'd o'er,
 And row'd, a swan, along the reedy shore ;
 Or how the chaste Hippolytus, belov'd 385
 Of Dian, erst the genial virtue prov'd
 Of herbs Pæonian, giv'n once more to share
 Life's kindling flame, and breathe superior air.
 Nor do they miss, wide gleaming o'er the field,
 The nodding helmet, and the full orb'd shield ; 390

Each hero's arms familiar to the fight,
 Pleas'd we acknowledge in the ranks of fight.

The fair Alcides' beauteous offspring wears

The arms paternal and his ensign bears,

Where Lernian hydra startled we behold, 395

And hear her serpents hiss in burnish'd gold.

Nor less they sing the beauties of the plain,

Where frigid Tempe laves the rich campaign.

Now the gay spring in various colours shines;

And sweetly murm'ring in harmonious lines 400

Flows the clear stream with shady verdure crown'd;

Next, rapid Po, thy rural scenes around,

Or Achelous, thine, they love to stray;

Each scene conspires to form the various lay,

Where fauns and dryads swell the tuneful strain, 405

And they, the hundred sisters of the main.

Still, amidst lighter themes, we love to find

Truths that may soften and inform the mind;

Some pattern to pursue, some ill to shun,
Such as each ancient fire would teach his son. 410

Nor always will the skilful bard forbear
More trivial themes, if studious to compare
Little with great, the Tyrians likest seem
To swarming hives; or when, as ant hills teem
With their dark nations, so the hopeless band 415
Of flying Phrygians blackens all the strand:
Though sure 'twere paltry, poorly to debase
To filthy flies Aufonia's martial race,
And liken heroes to the dusky tale
Of insects buzzing round the nightly pail. 420
Driv'n from the town, yet blushing to retire,
His eyes fierce flashing with indignant fire,
While burns the Daunian chief his might to shew,
And turn the tide of battle on the foe,
How gross th' allusion shews, how void of grace, 425
If, as some brother of the long-ear'd race,

By striplings in forbidden pastures found,
 With clubs assail'd, reluctant quits the ground;
 Yet here and there, retiring from the field,
 Crops the rich grain the fruitful furrows yield, 430
 The hero thus surveys with fullen eye
 The pressing Trojans, and disdains to fly!
 Here none, we know, the likeness will dispute;
 The things agree; but shall so vile a brute,
 In epic themes be coupled with a name, 435
 So great, so glorious in the ranks of fame?
 Rather, a lordly lion, bold and strong,
 Repuls'd, yet terrible he stalks along;
 Unequal singly, match'd against an host,
 Yet slow recedes, and sternly quits his post; 440
 Nor turns his back though shouting myriads pour
 The iron tempest in a mingled shower.

Tho' 'tis allow'd the poets still may feign,
 And vivid fancy oft usurp the rein,

Prudence must mark the track she should pursue, 445

And plausible shall learn to vie with true.

Who can believe, that on th' embattled plain,

Where wild dismay and dread confusion reign,

By mutual kindness mov'd, in friendly guise,

Glaucus harangues, and Diomed replies, 450

While each loquacious chief succinct relates

His fortunes, and explains the former fates?

The one what woes Lycurgus erst befell;

And this in pompous phrase delights to tell,

What labours bold Bellerophon sustain'd, 455

Falsely accus'd; how bright a conquest gain'd,

When fell Chimæra vanquish'd he beheld,

Or saw the Amazonian rage repell'd;

Such force could conscious innocence afford,

Brace his strong arm, and edge his righteous sword! 460

Whene'er the bard, ambitious to delight,

From fancy's airy region brings to light,

45 Fictitious scenes, he scarce demands assent,
 Nor we bestow ; tho' still the strange event,
 In dread religion's veil, mysterious shews, 465
 And ev'ry God his timely aid bestows.

Thus some have painted, (horrible to tell)
 How words distinct from roasting heifers fell,
 Fixt to the fiery spit, and turning round ;
 That reason less may suffer from the sound 470

Of speech portentous, when Pelides' horse,
 Laments prophetic his great master's corse,
 By Paris stretch'd and breathless on the plain,
 Or when, stupendous, from the azure main,
 Æneas' ships to nymphs transform'd incite, 475

And urge the godlike hero to the fight.
 But these, howe'er they suit the poet's state,
 Are fabulous, and pass the visionary gate.

If ought in order graceful be thy care,
 Shun with tautology to wound the ear : 480

For what can please when threadbare worn and old?

Or what so tedious as a tale twice told?

Hence we condemn the bold Homerean strain,

Not once content Atrides' dreams t' explain;

Nor once to sing with what resentment fir'd, 485

The great Achilles from the Greeks retir'd,

Unless his mother Thetis learn once more

His sorrows on the solitary shore.

When princely chiefs their awful mandates send,

And heralds to the high behest attend, 490

In the same strain the orators enlarge,

And word for word repeat the royal charge.

Not so sage Venulus, concise and grave,

To Arpi sent, the monarch's answer gave.

Some to extensive themes direct their aim; 495

Pond'rous with them and perfect is the same.

But thou a subject more confin'd demand,

And oft retouch it with a skilful hand:

To grace the song each charm of speech shall join,

And all Apollo breathe in ev'ry line. 500

But should you seek to lengthen and dilate

Some scanty theme, the fit materials wait ;

A thousand ways lie open ; and t' extend

The pleasing labour, truth with fiction blend ;

From various quarters useful matter glean, 505

T' embellish and diversify the scene.

Thus the great bards of ancient times delight,

With adverse deities to swell the fight :

This aids the Greeks, and that the Trojan bands,

Here bellows Mars, and there Minerva stands, 510

With mutual rage impell'd, till heav'n's dread fire,

Convene the council and allay their ire ;

Though 'tis agreed, no danger can annoy

The pow'rs above, nor quash th' immortal joy.

Then they pourtray th' impassable abodes, 515

Of dark Cocytus and th' infernal Gods ;

Her whip of scorpions fierce Eyrnne waves,
 And Tart'rus howls thro' all her gloomy caves.
 Then the gay tribes that flit on vagrant wing,
 And the dread laws of augury they sing ; 520
 While oft some regal feast prolongs the lay,
 And mirth and converse crown the jovial day.
 Now at some hero's shrine due rites are paid,
 And solemn games appease the mighty shade.
 Snatch'd from the jaws of fate these grateful pour 525
 The annual vow, and hail th' auspicious hour :
 To Phoebus now, the Pythian monster slain,
 They wake the lyre and raise the festive strain :
 And now, enthron'd above the rolling spheres,
 His glorious labours great Alcides hears ; 530
 Alternate songs the hero's praise proclaim,
 And hill and valley echoes to his name.
 But Cacus chief from whose enormous cave
 Aspiring flames their smoky columns wave,

Breathing no more his fires they love to tell, 535

And blest th' avenging hand by which he fell.

How does the bard in just description rise,

And bring each lively scene before our eyes!

If Neptune's rage th' occasion shall demand,

Repeated shipwrecks blacken all the strand; 540

Dread Scylla here and there Charybdis roar,

And mountain-billows lash the Euxine shore.

Should famine pale with fierce contagion join,

O'er sick'ning realms to wield the scourge divine;

Strait thro' the land despair and terror stalk 545

With giant stride, and urge their lonely walk;

Unpeopled cities raise their spires in vain,

And desolation ravages the plain.

When Ætna's flames denouncing ruin rise

And wave their forked volumes to the skies, 550

Dark pitchy clouds in sooty wreaths aspire

And add new horrors to the livid fire,

With thundering sound while storms of ashes pour
 From her dire womb and darken all the shore.
 So when the poet sings of war's alarms, 555
 Sounds the loud charge and sets a world in arms,
 With mutual rage the mingling squadrons join,
 Huge Mars tremendous tow'rs along the line,
 Urges the slaughter, thins the ranks of fight,
 And views the dreadful scene with stern delight, 560
 The din of battle rushes on the ear,
 The dying groan, the clang of arms we hear,
 The coward's shriek, abandon'd to despair,
 Th' unpitying victor, and the wretch's prayer.
 Hence from his all-creative fancy came 565
 In ancient times the poet's honour'd name,
 Whose plastic art from ev'ry quarter brings,
 And sets in view each genuine form of things.
 Who, when of some fam'd city storm'd he hears,
 But yields to nature, and dissolves in tears; 570

Relenting sees the missile torches fall
 On the high roofs, and spread from wall to wall
 Th' ascending flames ; the long liv'd fire surveys,
 (His country lost, her turrets in a blaze)
 Trembling with age ; the helpless infant sees 575
 Hang on his father, and embrace his knees ;
 While the fond mother rushing thro' the train
 Of friends and foes, implores the Gods in vain ?
 Snatch'd from the altar, see the virgin tear
 The beauteous honours of her flowing hair ; 580
 And beat her breast, distracted in her woe ;
 But all in vain the melting sorrows flow,
 In vain she sinks consum'd in tender grief,
 The Gods behold, nor rush to her relief !
 These from the cruel scene tumultuous fly, 585
 To other climes beneath some distant sky ;
 While those from ravish'd domes and temples pile,
 With impious hand profuse, the glittering spoil ;

With various aim from street to street they run,
 To plunder these, while those the slaughter shun. 590

How from above the spark of genius flows,
 And in the human breast superior glows!

Various the soul, and hence in various views,
 The forms of things their images diffuse;
 Whether with suns and skies she love to range 595

In ceaseless motion and perpetual change,
 Or worn with anxious care and thought awhile
 Court soft repose, remissive of her toil;

Or by some strange mysterious force, imprest,
 Anguish and joy divide the wav'ring breast; 600

Or rather by great Jove's eternal law,
 The Gods confer the transport, or withdraw.

Then happy he the softer hour who waits
 Of sacred impulse and of fav'ring fates,
 His task remits, till heav'ns returning smile 605
 Direct his labours, and his cares beguile:

The time will surely come ; till then in vain

You court the Muse, and tempt th' unhallow'd strain.

Not man is doom'd alone like change to mourn,

Each form of nature suffers in it's turn : 610

Stript of their leaves sometimes we see the woods,

And from their banks retire the less'ning floods ;

Not always full the gushing fountains flow,

Nor ceaseless springs eternal verdure shew.

Hence does the bard like turns with nature find, 615

His spirits sunk, depress'd his tow'ring mind ;

Deep lodg'd within the torpid pow'r he feels,

And o'er each sense the drowfy vapour steals ;

The tuneful pow'rs invok'd his suit deny,

No Phoebus hears propitious from the sky,

And at his voice the changing Muses fly——

How oft alas ! he seeks, but seeks in vain,

With instant vows their influence to regain,

While all unmov'd they hear the fruitless prayer,
 Withhold their succour, nor relieve his care ! 625
 Some from the former bards of glorious name,
 Their fires renew and light the generous flame ;
 Till, as from clouds emerg'd th' ætherial fun
 O'er heav'n's clear azure hastes his course to run ;
 So they once more the sacred vigour know, 630
 And feel within th' immortal ardour glow.
 What God is this that thro' the poet's soul
 And in each vein bids sudden transports roll,
 In flames divine involves his beating heart,
 Fills the whole man and lives in ev'ry part ? 635
 For now once more th' inspiring pow'r regains
 His ancient seat and in his bosom reigns.
 In strains above mortality he sings,
 And soars beyond all sublunary things ;
 Unable now the influence to controul 640
 That burns within, and drinking up his soul

Fill'd with the God, bears the rapt bard along,

In all the pomp and majesty of song,

Invoking Phœbus, at whose high behest

Th' impetuous ardour glows within his breast: 645

Not balmy sleep can stop his headlong course,

Nor thirst, nor hunger's all-subduing force.

In vision oft immortal bards have found

The sacred nine the favour'd couch surround,

In sleep inspire, and teach each tuneful tongue 650

To utter sounds ev'n Phœbus might have sung.

Such thirst of fame their tow'ring spirits know,

And such the pow'r Apollo can bestow.

But ah! dear youth, th' fiery rage restrain,

Nor give to fancy up the loosen'd rein. 655

When in thy breast the all-inspiring power

His seat maintains and gives th' auspicious hour;

When o'er the main propitious zephyrs sweep,

Launch not without a pilot to the deep;

Review each former flight with soul sedate, 660

Nor too advent'rous rush on folly's fate,

To reason's fway the ruling helm resign,

And to her laws submit the whole design.

To follow nature is the poet's part,

The first and greatest energy of art : 665

Her, chief, the bard must ever keep in view

Where'er he wander, and her steps pursue.

Hence when he paints the various ways of men,

And untaught instinct of the bestial train,

In words expressive and precise we trace 670

Of ev'ry state and age the proper grace ;

What forms of life best suit the rev'rend fire,

And what the sprightly youth's impetuous fire.

Nor does he fail in equal terms t' explain

How female beauty moves the amorous swain ; 675

How diff'rent stations diff'rent manners own,

From the rude clown to him who fills a throne.

I like not when a character appears
 Ill drawn, unfitted to it's state and years ;
 Telemachus unseasonably grave, 680
 Or Nestor rash, alert, and fiercely brave ;
 In outward form a venerable sage,
 In act a stripling in his greenest age.
 In Virgil, such the graceful poet's art,
 Each personage supports his proper part ; 685
 On each congenial honours are bestow'd,
 Female or male, a hero or a God.
 When in Jove's senate clam'rous broils arise,
 In brief the fire of Gods and men replies :
 While the fair Queen of Love recites at large 690
 Th' unworthy suff'rings of her Trojan charge.
 By native rage impell'd, heav'n's empress storms,
 And threats, superior to all vulgar forms.
 As in the youth tumultuous courage glows,
 And ardent valour all it's vigour shews, 695

Young Turnus thus, his Phrygian foe in fight,
 Claims the rude combat, and provokes to fight
 The wand'ring chief of Troy. While youthful ire
 Boils in his breast, and sets his soul on fire,
 Latinus fam'd for venerable age, 700
 Pious as just, and politicly sage,
 His heat allays, and looking forward far,
 Dreads either dubious issue of the war.
 The tender Dido various parts sustains,
 A lover now consum'd with jealous pains, 705
 And now a monarch. When at heav'n's command
 Æneas seeks to quit the Libyan strand,
 Frantic and wild thro' all the town she flies,
 And on her lips th' unfinish'd sentence dies :
 Fearful, confus'd, her broken accents tell 710
 What woes befall the maid that loves too well ;
 No more that Dido who receiv'd of late
 The wretched relics of the Trojan state,

Who sooth'd and felt for sorrows not her own,

And bade them share her fortunes and her throne! 715

Nor shalt thou shun the orators to trace,

Who teach to speak with eloquence and grace.

Hence Sinon knows to blind his Phrygian foes,

And cheat the senseless mob with specious shews:

And wise Ulysses to the Trojan wall 720

Yet standing, could the parting Greeks recal.

Why should I now the three ag'd Nestor name,

First of the Greeks in soft persuasion's claim;

Whose words the boist'rous Argives could subdue,

And soften into peace the factious crew? 725

Fair Venus thus her injur'd spouse prepares

To aid and second her maternal cares.

With speech circuitous and subtle art,

She fires the dotard and inflames his heart,

Till Vulcan by her soft intreaties won 730

Forges th' æth'ral armour for her son.

Young Turpus thus, his Phrygian foe in fight,
 Claims the rude combat, and provokes to fight
 The wand'ring chief of Troy. While youthful ire
 Boils in his breast, and sets his soul on fire,
 Latinus fam'd for venerable age, 700
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Till Vulcan by her soft intreaties won 730

Forges th' ætherial armour for her son.

Hence do we learn to sway the ductile mind,

Where'er we please directed and inclin'd.

'Tis thus the bard with wonder working skill,

Leads the whole man, and rules him at his will. 735

If flow and sad the mournful numbers flow,

The reader shares the visionary woe:

If gay the scene, the sprightly notes control

The pang of grief and swallow up the soul.

Who when he hears what ills the fates prepare 740

For the sweet Thracian, but partakes his care,

While soothing all alone his anxious pains

He nightly pours the sad melodious strains,

And bids, each pensive morn, the echoes round

The lov'd, the lost Eurydice resound? 745

So when the blooming youth by Volscens slain,

Falls prone in death, and bites the bloody plain,

And like some flow'r beneath the ploughshare spread,

Languid and pale declines his beauteous head,

How does the reader's breast with fury glow, 750

And long to lay the mighty boaster low!

To raise the youth, and from the gaping wound

Drive back the stream that trickling to the ground,

His snowy limbs with purple covers o'er,

And bears the hero to the Stygian shore. 755

Should e'er his theme constrain the bard to speak

Truths that may crimson o'er the virgin cheek,

With gentle hand the nice occasion touch,

Rather conceal a part, than say too much;

What shuns the modest Muse, forbear t' express, 760

Nor shock the reader with the bold excess.

Sure 'tis enough to say, when thunders roll,

And forked lightnings flash from pole to pole,

To the same cave for mutual shelter came

The Trojan chief and the fond Tyrian dame. 765

Farther than this 'twere shameless to relate,

Suffice it, heav'n had giv'n the stamp of fate,

And the shock'd earth, as o'er each mountain's brow,
 Shriek the wild nymphs, the fullen tempests blow.
 Let not young Troilus be made to wield, 770
 Against Achilles, terror of the field,
 Unequal arms, but on the Libyan stone,
 To great Æneas let his fate be shewn,
 Pierc'd by the foe, and tumbling from the car
 Drag'd by his fiery courfers thro' the war: 775
 But see, on no pretence, you dare to tell,
 Or hint th' unseemly rage by which he fell.
 Each graceful charm of decent manly sense,
 With lib'ral hand the Latian bards dispense;
 While in invention Greece must stand alone, 780
 And claim th' unrival'd province for her own.
 For this the great Mæonian oft be read;
 Catch all his fire, and in his footsteps tread;
 To share her wealth, o'er all Inachia roam,
 And bring the ravish'd spoils triumphant home. 785

Scarce, if Apollo hearken to his prayer,
 Less glorious is the Greek translator's care,
 Than his who scorns the beaten path t' explore,
 And gives the world what ne'er appear'd before.
 How tow'rs pre-eminent above the rest, 790
 The Mincian bard, in foreign armour drest!
 How moves majestic Mantua's mighty son,
 Clad in the golden spoils from Homer won!
 Be it the Grecian glory to have taught
 To Italy her arts: 'tis our's t' have brought 795
 To full perfection the rude taste of Greece;
 To soar superior in the arts of peace,
 Beyond the rest, as once Rome's heroes saw
 Her conqu'ring arms the subject world o'erawe.

Ye guardian Gods of Rome, and Phoebus, thou, 800
 At whose lov'd shrine thy Latian offspring bow,
 Indulgent power, by whom our country rose,
 At once the dread and envy of her foes,

Since such the changes wild sedition brings,
 Such the blind rage of fierce discordant kings, 805
 Her alter'd arms no more the nations sway,
 Her high command no distant realms obey,
 Let her at least this one distinction claim,
 The first in peaceful arts and letter'd fame.
 Unhappy land! on our own breast we turn 810
 The civil sword, for foreign empire burn!
 Though late arising whence she lay supine,
 And mindful of her old illustrious line,
 She arm'd for war; yet arm'd alas in vain;
 Unwearied yet the envious fates remain;
 And still we hopeless drag the length'ning chain. }
 E'erwhile remotest nations trembling heard
 The sacred name of Leo, and rever'd
 The man divine: 'Twas then the mitred chief
 With his lov'd Julius felt the public grief: 820

Alike in zeal and princely care they stood,
 And jointly labour'd for the common good;
 And, but malicious fortune stood between,
 What golden days had rising Latium seen?
 On him admiring Europe turns her eyes, 825
 Sees where aloft the sacred banner flies,
 Each chief prepar'd to summon from afar,
 And lead th' impatient legions to the war.
 Oh! hadst thou but beheld, imperial Rome,
 Along thy streets the Reverend Hero come! 830
 How had old Tyber borne with fond delight,
 Adown his classic stream the hallow'd freight!
 How had he smil'd of captive realms to see
 The foreign garb, and awkward progeny!
 How had the papal chariot drag'd along, 835
 Bound to it's gorgeous wheels the scepter'd throng!
 The haughty Sultan and his impious host
 Should rule no more the Solymæan coast;

No more, in fond imagination see
 The prostrate globe submissive bend the knee,
 Move at his nod, and bow to his decree;
 No more his troops like locusts wafted o'er,
 From their parch'd plains, infest the Western shore.
 To see the train the frequent youth should join,
 And pour thro' ev'ry street th' extended line. 845
 High on his throne the fire, arrayed in gold,
 Once more th' adoring people should behold;
 His treasures heap with rich Barbaric spoils,
 Resplendent trophies of his glorious toils;
 And thro' the solemn fanes religious pour,
 With pious hand the consecrated store.
 But soon, too soon the envious pow'rs destroy,
 Our tow'ring aims, and quash the promis'd joy;
 Our Leo lost, we pine in fullen gloom,
 And all our hopes lie buried in his tomb. 855

THE
P O E T I C S.

B O O K III.

WHAT graceful forms of speech, what charms
of style,

May gain, O Phœbus, thy approving smile,

And your's, ye sacred nine, I now attend,

And see my labours hasten to their end.

'Tis to the Muse propitious that we owe,

5

If chosen terms in nature's colours shew

Each form of things, and to the ravish'd soul,

Paint ev'ry scene, and animate the whole.

Let not the distant goal thy course impede,

Unnerve thy vigour, or abate thy speed:

10

O

For see, approaching now the arduous height,
 Th' applauding Muses wait to crown thy flight
 With wreaths unfading, shew th' immortal bays,
 And join the triumph with the voice of praise.
 See! from Parnassus and her rosy bow'rs, 15
 Profuse they scatter amaranthine flow'rs;
 Soft thro' the air ambrosial breezes fly,
 And more than Eastern odours fill the sky.

That first of faults, obscure expression shun';
 Nor like some former bards oblivious run,
 To skulk in shades, and sicken at the sun. }
 If Phoebus deign to aid each happy line,
 The praise of perspicuity be mine:
 None shall for me superfluous toils endure,
 And tempt in vain the palpable obscure. 25
 Nor need we here invoke the friendly pow'rs,
 And idly ask a boon already our's;

For language boasts infinity of phrase,
 Still to the mind in various forms conveys
 The self same thought, by diff'rent terms exprest, 30
 And ev'ry secret motion of the breast.

If *here* you hopeless tempt th' impervious way,
 And fullen glooms your devious steps betray,
 Cease the vain toil, some other passage try,
 Till the serene effulgence from on high, 35
 O'er the dark scene it's chearing influence pour,

Dispel the gloom, and heav'n's broad day restore.

Unless within some narrow theme confin'd,
 That cramps and fetters the aspiring mind;
 Since thousand forms and thousand figures stand, 40
 Prepar'd for use, and ready to your hand,
 Those thousand forms and images employ,
 To vary and refine the sacred joy:
 In diff'rent lights, each thought, each figure place,
 And pass from each to each with dignity and grace. 45

Hence do we still a tuneful pleasure bear,
 That fills the soul, and dwells upon the ear :
 In this is nature copied by the bard,
 Who eyes her in her haunts with fixt regard ;
 Marks how on ev'ry species is impress'd
 It's proper form, distinguish'd from the rest ;
 Man from the shaggy tenants of the plain ;
 From feather'd fowl, each native of the main.

Oft to illustrate and adorn a thought,
 The true dismiss'd, some foreign term is brought ! 55
 Nor does the thought, in foreign garb appear
 Of awkward aspect, or unseemly air ;
 But in the pride of victory elate,
 Boasts the gay splendor of her alter'd state ;
 Exulting shews the shining trophies won, 60
 Nor to the glitt'ring spoils prefers her own.
 When battles rise, tumultuous, we descry
 The rage of ocean, foaming to the sky ;

Or o'er the field a fiery torrent rolls,
 Drinks up the plain, and flashes to the poles. 65
 Nor less tremendous we the fight compare
 To winds conflicting in the fields of air :
 Clouds rush on clouds, with wild impetuous roar,
 And waves encount'ring bellow to the shore.
 Thus thro' the piece, the Protean subjects range, 70
 In swift succession and perpetual change :
 Alternate images receive and lend,
 And with their own, a stranger's features blend :
 Pleas'd we survey the fleeting forms that rise,
 And pass in quick review before our eyes,
 Though oft one theme the varied charm supplies. }
 When from some neighb'ring rock's o'erhanging steep,
 The clear smooth surface of th' untroubled deep,
 Chief fixes and arrests the trav'ler's sight,
 With chasten'd pleasure, and serene delight ; 80

Yet does he mark the soft subjacent scene,
 The waving forests, and the meadows green;
 The pure expanse each form depending shews,
 And from within, in answ'ring colours glows.
 'Tis thus the bard, ambitious to dispense,
 Still varying pleasure, and uncloying sense,
 With studious care diversifies the strain,
 And leads thro' mighty nature's wide domain.
 Now in few words, but choice, he loves to raise,
 Ennobled and embellish'd by his lays,
 An humbler theme, in brightest colours shewn,
 And rich in various splendour not it's own.
 Thus, say our fathers, once the pow'rs on high
 Convers'd, in language worthy of the sky,
 And such the sounds the heav'nly Muse convey'd,
 From Jove's high hall to Pindus' sacred shade.
 For in the courts above, the tuneful choir
 Join in the dance, and moving to the lyre,

Of great Apollo, with ethereal skill
 Fire the rapt bard and all his bosom fill. 100
 Yet not to poets only is confin'd,
 Such pow'rs of speech, such energy of mind;
 Like forms the masters of persuasion try,
 Like figures oft the orators apply,
 Whether, in all the majesty of law, 105
 They check the culprit and the guilty awe,
 Or from the jaws of fate impending save
 Some guiltless friend, and snatch him from the grave.
 In metaphor delights the careful swain,
 When wave the bearded groves of golden grain; 110
 It's cluster'd gems the purple vintage yields,
 And plenteous show'rs delight the thirsty fields.
 From penury of words the figure came,
 And poor expression of the real name:
 For native terms the likest were design'd, 115
 To paint idea and unfold the mind.

As rip'ning arts advance, so man aspires ;
 What need invented, luxury requires ;
 With hand profuse o'er ev'ry subject pours,
 A waste of charms, a wilderness of flow'rs. 120
 So first, the rage of Arctos to defy,
 And the chill horrors of th' inclement sky,
 Man's homely hut of slender reeds combin'd,
 And walls of mud, scarce screen'd him from the wind :
 Now stately piles on Parian columns vie 125
 With regal domes, and strike the dazzled eye ;
 Rich in Corinthian brass stupendous rear
 Their lofty heads, and glitter in the air.
 Others with more reserve this licence claim,
 Long granted to the poet's noble name ; 130
 For these in chains spontaneous have confin'd
 The Muse, and tied to rule th' excursive mind ;
 The rest more freely may indulge the rein,
 And with a wider compass scour the plain.

Hence do the bards, who truth with fiction join, 135

With bolder flights embellish their design ;

Nor blush, if scattered through the piece appear

Figures far fetch'd, and foreign to the ear.

Some, to exalt a fav'rite subject, fly

Beyond the bounds of probability. 140

When armies shout, the azure vaults around

Of high Olympus tremble at the sound :

And some with frequent repetition tell,

And paint the woes of Ilium as she fell ;

" Oh fire ! oh country ! oh disastrous fate 145

" Of Priam's house and of the Trojan state !

" Oh Jupiter ! behold the tott'ring wall,

" And mighty Ilium nodding to her fall !"

Varying their terms, Neptune is now the main ;

Bacchus the vine ; Ceres the golden grain : 150

Now by the father's name the youth is shewn,

Or by the city is the people known.

When her sad sons portentous fears invade
 Straight Afric trembles, struck with conscious dread:
 Some by one common name each river call, 155
 And Achelous answers for them all.

Now in abrupt digression they complain,
 Like some fond virgin to her absent swain;
 Invoke the lofty mountains and the woods,
 The lonely caverns and th' impetuous floods; 160
 Hold mimic converse with the whisp'ring gale,
 The moss grown grotto, or the winding vale;
 To senseless rocks relate their tender loves,
 Or tell their sorrows to th' unconscious groves.

The real sense sometimes they artful veil, 165
 In specious semblance, and the truth conceal;
 Hid from th' unskilful eye the meaning lies;
 The skilful see and smile at the disguise.
 Thus, Troy in flames, the *faithful* Helen crept,
 And stole her husband's faulchion as he slept; 170

So through the field the *warlike* Drances toils,
 Mows down wholeranks, and with the well-earn'd spoils,
 Safe from the war, enriches his abodes,
 And fills the gorgeous temples of the Gods.

Why should I sing with what delight they bear 175
 Th' enraptur'd soul along, and charm the ear!
 When with judicious choice they turn again,
 And the Muse echoes the mellifluous strain?

"This, were Arcadia judge, should Pan disdain,
 "Arcadia, Pan, should speak thy sentence vain." 180

Though long establish'd custom may afford
 A thousand liberties of thought and word,
 Whene'er you drop a native term and chuse
 Extrinsic forms and figurative views,
 Let nothing harsh or dissonant be there, 185
 Reject with judgment, and select with care.
 Some with unhappy violence dispense
 Figures unapt and foreign to the sense;

Stript of their proper form the things appear,
 And scorn the odious garb they're doom'd to wear. 190
 So when transform'd in their bombastic lines,
 A simple stall the steed's high palace shines;
 Or when the grass, great Rhea's tresses shewn,
 Usurps a form and semblance not it's own,
 The awkward bard all criticism defies, 195
 Who bears on filts a pigmy to the skies,
 And every grace of fitness to destroy,
 In a huge giant's armour hides a boy.
 Sometimes 'twere best the genuine term to use,
 And paint a subject in it's native views; 200
 But let no sounds be heard, no scenes appear,
 To hurt the eye, or wound the Muse's ear.
 'Tis usual with the poets to compare
 Things not unlike, yet call them what they are:
 Here be concise, and in few words expose 205
 The subject whence at first th' idea rose;

From this to that with quick transition run,
 And shew in brief the whole comparison;
 Nor, strangely tedious and unmindful, seem
 To lose the way, and wander from your theme. 210

Much it behoves the studious bard to chuse
 A style and language worthy of the Muse;
 Not ev'ry phrase with poetry accords,
 Nor equal is the grace and pow'r of words.
 In each it's proper dignity is seen, 215
 And these retain their rank as well as men.

As subjects vary, so we ever see,
 Words vary too, in kind and in degree:
 Though, in all poems, some of common race,
 Their feat demand, and know their destin'd place. 220
 As many a phrase, beneath the Epic rage,
 May suit the sock, and grace the comic stage,
 Thro' the vast store, ye poets cast your eye,
 And range o'er all the wild variety;

Then from the heap the sweetest flow'rs dispense 225
 Fair to the sight, and grateful to the sense ;
 In choicest terms the richest thoughts unfold,
 And touch each glowing subject into gold :
 The vulgar speech, the poor expression shun,
 Nor place a twinkling taper near the sun. 230
 How to succeed, the ancients best have shewn ;
 These still consult, and make them all your own :
 But if some bard of high unrival'd pow'rs,
 Above the rest in distant grandeur tow'rs,
 From him each graceful art of diction draw, 235
 Catch from his hallow'd lips the sacred law ;
 And if Apollo second the design,
 His fire and force majestic shall be thine.
 'Twere not amiss t' examine well the rest,
 And from their various treasures cull the best : 240
 Nor would I doubt, with cautious skill prepar'd,
 To sift the verses of a ruder bard :

Perhaps the toil it's profit may produce,
 Snatch from the rest, and polish into use
 Some shapeless verse, with rugged rust o'ergrown, 245
 And thus new model'd, stamp it for my own :
 For one good thought no pains would I withhold,
 But rake the soil of Ennius for his gold.
 So near the margin of some turbid flood,
 Obscure with filth, and fabled o'er with mud, 250
 The well below it's sifting pow'r applies,
 On this the neighb'ring multitude relies ;
 Soft through the soil beneath, meand'ring, flow,
 Refining still, the purer currents flow ;
 Till chrystal like the limpid water stands, 255
 Purg'd from it's foulness in the filt'ring sands.
 The dullest subject may be taught t' assume
 A brighter aspect, and put off it's gloom,
 If long within in various forms it roll,
 Fill ev'ry thought, and occupy the soul. 260

Here too the works of ancient bards invite,
 By them inform'd, to learn like them to write :
 Oft to the mind their sentiments recal,
 And catch the golden sayings as they fall.
 See how we make the glorious spoils our prey ; 265
 Invention, diction, all we bear away ;
 The sense and spirit of their words express,
 And clothe our thoughts in their superior dress.
 But when he meditates the golden prize,
 The bard's success in prudent caution lies ; 270
 The thought you borrow, change in ev'ry part ;
 Copy with skill, and emulate with art,
 Invert it's order, and before our eyes,
 Let us conceive a new creation rise :
 Till scarce we know, so alter'd to the view, 275
 The venerable name from whom you drew.
 Some steal in public, and without disguise,
 Own the attempt, and glory in the prize ;

Whether in all the pride of conscious skill,
 The words the same, they change the sense at will; 280
 Or else, in arduous emulation dare
 With ancient poets wage the glorious war,
 With vent'rous hand their spoils triumphant seize,
 Arrange with genuine dignity and ease;
 And give them, with a vigour all their own, 285
 A grace and majesty till then unknown.
 So trees transplanted more luxuriant rise,
 Swell from the subject vale, and prop the skies;
 With richer sap improv'd, abundant yield
 The purple pride, and glory of the field. 290
 With happier omens thus Æneas bore
 The Phrygian empire to th' Ausonian shore.
 Though from thy proffer'd realms, Eliza, driv'n,
 (Such the high purpose of o'erruling heav'n)
 Not the snatch'd rites could change what fate design'd,
 Or shake the steady temper of his mind.

Ill fated Dido ! love's sad martyr thou,
 Didst feel in Stygian shades the broken vow,
 Thy woes surviv'd on Pluto's dreary coast,
 A pale, indignant, melancholy ghost. 300
 Oh ! had'st thou ne'er the Trojan fleet beheld,
 Those woes the pow'rs propitious had withheld ;
 No chance untimely then had stopt thy breath ;
 No fault of thine had urg'd thee to thy death !
 Hasten then, ye gen'rous band, on ev'ry side 305
 Seize the rich plunder, and the spoils divide ;
 Their poverty of pride more prudent shun,
 Who by presumptuous confidence undone,
 All foreign aid superfluous deem, and dare
 In their own strength alone maintain the war ; 310
 The ancients scorn, in fancied worth elate,
 And shew their monstrous folly in their fate.
 Idle and vain the superstitious fear,
 Lest in their labours borrow'd thoughts appear,

While Phoebus still disdains the bard to own, 315

And by his works the man's own fate is shewn :

Yet warm in life, they point him to the tomb,

And the dead author seals the mortal's doom :

Happy had arts congenial fixt his aim,

And fav'd at once the labour and the shame. 320

When old expressions paint with grace and ease

A diff'rent thought, *allusion* still must please :

A theft like this what critic dares to blame ?

For me, I set it down for lawful game ;

Nor shall I ever blush to bear away, 325

The glorious spoils, and shew in open day,

What well applied might gild the humblest name,

And future ages crown with deathless fame.

Yet none for all on ancient bards relies ;

For all what human being can suffice ? 330

Some things creative genius must produce,

Ne'er heard before, and bring them into use.

What can forbid to coin a word or phrase,
 To vary and adorn the poet's lays?
 But here no barb'rous word shall claim a place, 335
 Of origin unknown, or doubtful race;
 He who adopts must first each term define,
 It's family and long illustrious line.
 But should your native language be too poor,
 Import the bullion of the Grecian ore; 340
 Stamp into current coin th' unwieldy mass,
 And bid it take, with elegance and grace,
 Another shape to former times unknown,
 And mould it's foreign figure to your own.
 T'was thus of old Aufonia's language grew, 345
 From Argos still the copious treasures drew,
 Till frequent use had drain'd th' Achaian store,
 And Greece exhausted could supply no more.
 How many terms have bards transported home,
 Of Grecian stock, and nat'raliz'd in Rome? 350

Mixt with our own, they smile and flourish there,
 Mycenæ's offspring, with the Latian air;
 Strangers, yet natives thro' the land they pass,
 Roman in garb, but of Inachian race:
 Now long ago, our poverty is fled, 355
 And native science lifts her rev'rend head.
 Not to the bards alone yourself confine,
 But search great Tully's unexhausted mine,
 Or other authors rich in sterling gold,
 Their works consult, and be what you behold. 360

Oft do we see in ancient bards a line,
 Deck'd in barbaric spoils and trophies shine;
 From Gaul to Rome, till then unheard of came
 Words that bespeak her triumph and their shame.
 Nor less foil'd Macedon indignant bore 365
 Her arms, her language to the Tuscan shore;
 The captive cars their servitude declare,
 And, useless now, the dread Emathian spear.

Hence, when the teeming magazine affords
 Supplies so copious, such a choice of words, 370
 Who doubts with just distinction to explain
 His sense, and vary the luxuriant strain?

When need requires, no bard disdains to use
 Words long forgot, and antiquated views;
 Thy awful shrine, antiquity, to trace, 375
 And search the haunts of thy primeval race;
 In time's orig'nal habit to appear,
 The garb our earliest ancestors did wear.
 But this with caution, lest too thickly strewn,
 They fix a blot no beauty can atone: 380
 When terms of constant usage are at hand,
 The rest a use more limited demand.

If things occur that know no certain name,
 The verse a phrase circuitous will claim;
 In a long round of words the poet treads, 385
 And weaves a flow'ry garland round their heads.

Two words combin'd in one we often find,
 In social bonds and graceful union join'd;
 But more than this the chaster Muse declines,
 Abhors the clang of quadrupedal lines; 390
 Nay, blushing fees, if o'er the Latian plain
 A triple monster drag his sinuous train.
 How I abhor the found that ill accords
 With the smooth tenor of harmonious words!
 Though this perhaps may take with grace and ease 395
 Th' Argolic speech, and in such licence please;
 Whose pond'rous words, like fabled giants rise
 On mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies.
 Sometimes with less enormous words between
 We split another of gigantic mien; 400
 Or with just freedom use the poet's art,
 And nicely prune the more luxuriant part.
 Thus when some warrior's name we would recite,
 Harsh to the ear, and odious to the sight;

We change a part, diminish, or bestow, 405

And bid the verse more musically flow.

Though rudest sounds compose the former name,

Sicharbas and Sichæus are the same.

Hence would I rather sing high heaven in fight,

The wars Titanian, and the giant might 410

Of huge Enceladus, than stoop to tell

What barb'rous names the Roman triumphs swell,

When ev'ry wind her legions wafted o'er,

And her swift eagle flew from shore to shore.

Yet let no word superfluous intervene, 415

Of tuneful pow'r, but foreign to the scene ;

What not contributes to your purpose shun,

Nor sink, in sounds harmoniously undone :

With skill severe the sense, the structure try,

And scan each sentence with impartial eye. 420

For words sometimes th' incautious bard betray,

Melodious, and seduce him from his way ;

Desert th' appointed office, and refuse,
 Supine and sluggish, to support his views;
 Or while the rest with mutual zeal supply 425
 Their part, give nought but sound and harmony.
 Hence let the poet weigh his terms with care,
 Mark well their genius, what their pow'rs will bear;
 To each it's native energy afford,
 And give it's proper rank to ev'ry word: 430
 Else to the view the gingling verses bear
 No genuine sense, and but delude the ear.
 At least with prudent caution intersperse
 Words that with ease may glide into the verse;
 Yet not on any serious bus'ness there 435
 Are found, but for their gay and courtly air;
 And bid the gaudy numbers move along,
 In all the pomp and melody of song.
 Yet not in search of these the bard shall stray,
 Frequent they rise, and meet him in the way. 440

Oft break the chain of numbers, and to prose
 Th' unshackled verse in all it's parts dispose ;
 Then build again, in order just combin'd,
 The fragments lately scatter'd and disjoin'd,
 Thus analiz'd, each blemish you may see, 445
 And not a single blunder shall go free.

Attend, O youth, as ardent I go on
 And wide display each source of Helicon.
 The tuneful nine with great Apollo join,
 And gently woo thee to their sacred shrine. 450
 When man was taught t' approach the bright abodes,
 And poets first held converse with the Gods ;
 The high behest with caution Jove bestow'd,
 Witheld the tuneful treasure from the crowd ;
 And in due bounds the glorious way confin'd, 455
 Beyond the daring of the vulgar mind ;
 To the blest few alone the glory gave,
 To live immortal, and defraud the grave.

Arduous his task the poet's art who tries,
 And mounts on vent'rous pinions to the skies! 460
 'Tis not enough in verse his sense to dress,
 And ev'ry thought in clearest terms express,
 To each a term appropriate must be found;
 Still shall the sense be echoed by the sound;
 With nicest skill the portraiture design'd, 465
 And answer to the image in the mind.
 This will produce, what most we love to see,
 That universal charm, variety;
 And in each graceful sentiment be seen
 Each proper form of ornament and mien. 470
 This, swift of foot and wing, pursues his way,
 With matchless speed sublime o'er earth and sea;
 That sluggish, clumsy, corpulent and strong,
 Unwieldy drags his lazy length along.
 Here blooms a youth, while ev'ry living grace 475
 Plays o'er his form, and lightens in his face;

There rude and rugged, dark as ancient night;
 Stands a huge monster, hideous to the sight;
 His shaggy eye brow terror's wild domain,
 And all behind him winds a tortuous train! 480
 As to the loathing sight he would appear,
 So the description shocks th' affrighted ear.
 Yet not from chance these various figures draw
 Their source, but fixt, inviolable law.
 Each to it's worth a fated station bears, 485
 And it's own features, voice and habit wears.
 When the rough sailor ploughs the briny sea,
 And cuts with brazen prow the liquid way,
 Struck with the oars the foaming deeps around
 Yield to the stroke; the dashing waves resound; 490
 To the hoarse sound the echoing rocks reply,
 While tempests toss the billows to the sky;
 The surging billows with impetuous roar,
 And wild confusion, tumble to the shore;

The wave dash'd backward, with repeated shock 495

And murm'ring found, assails th' opposing rock ;

Rising in heaps the wat'ry horrors roll,

And scatter ruin o'er th' astonish'd pole,

Stun'd with the sudden shock, Trinacria hears,

And all her trembling shores confess their fears ; 500

While from their seats, prone rushing o'er the plain

Mountains on mountains tumble to the main.

But when Cerulean Nereus from his car,

Rises and stills the elemental war ;

Calm as a lake the vast expanse is seen, 505

And soft the bark glides o'er the deep serene.

Nor less the poet's art our wonder claims,

When furious Vulcan wraps the land in flames,

O'er fields and groves the livid wreaths aspire,

And crackling stubbles feeds the rolling fire. 510

Such our delight, when round the vessel plays,

In winding spires, th' exterminating blaze ;

From side to side the hissing waters flow
 In ardent waves, and bubble from below.
 Not to the rugged rock smooth strains belong, 515
 Nor sprightly themes may suit a sluggish song;
 If gay the subject, with a lively vein,
 And nimble motion bounds th' exulting strain,
 When smiles the spring, or when the hours display
 Heav'ns splendid portals, and send down the day. 520
 If mournful be the theme, the Muse puts on
 The solemn air, the melancholy tone.
 Then the sad bird of omen wrapt in glooms
 Of fullen midnight, dwells in vaults and tombs;
 Or from the top of some old lonely tow'r, 525
 Enjoys the silence of the dreary hour;
 Her screams alone the dark retreat invade,
 And with increasing horrors fill the shade!
 In lowly phrase an humble theme is shewn;
 The great require a grandeur like their own. 530

When some enormous giant you would paint,
 Mark well the shades, nor let the strokes be faint ;
 Pond'rous and vast his size, his aspect grim,
 Ample his chest, and monstrous ev'ry limb.

If some huge weight his iron hands would bear, 535

In the attempt the lab'ring verses share :

So too when ploughing steers laborious toil

With patient strength, and break the stubborn soil ;

Or when the crew, attentive to the gale,

Brace round the yards, and hoist the swelling sail. 540

When danger calls, the sympathetic song

Responsive rolls in hasty tides along ;

Thus when a serpent hisses in the way,

The rustic's fears his eager words betray ;

" Haste, quick, the club, the stone, the firebrand bring,

" And with his death prevent the monster's sting."

When gloomy night advances o'er the main,

Or sinks the ox, loud bellowing, to the plain,

The drooping words with equal cadence fall,
 And mourn the honest martyr of the stall. 550
 If, on the clear smooth surface of the deep
 Hush'd into peace, the gentle zephyrs sleep,
 Then too the verse it's destin'd respite knows;
 No more in rapid surge impetuous flows,
 But owns the grateful pause;—then hastes again, 555
 Like the swollen floods descending to the main.
 So when the aged Priam strains to throw
 A feeble, pointless jav'lin at the foe,
 His pristine strength with grief and years decay'd,
 His blood congeal'd, the man an empty shade; 560
 Like him declines the weak, slow, sluggish song,
 And drags with pain it's languid limbs along.
 But youthful Pyrrhus with resistless force,
 Drives o'er embattled hosts his foaming horse;
 At his approach the domes, the turrets fall, 565
 And prone in ruin smokes the crumbling wall:

Opposing myriads try their strength in vain,
 And fainting squadrons bite the bloody plain.
 Here chief the poet's judgment we commend,
 Attentive when to rise and when descend. 570
 Now step by step, in humble phrase he goes,
 The creeping verse scarce known from humble prose :
 Now in a happy, an exub'rant vein,
 O'er the wide field he scours with loosen'd rein ;
 The copious strain in rich luxuriance flows, 575
 So wint'ry Jove descends in Alpine snows ;
 Scatters his hoary honours, and invests
 In the white garb their high, exalted crests.
 Sometimes he slackens his impetuous speed,
 And checks the fury of his flying steed ; 580
 Smooth in midway his steady station keeps,
 Nor high in air, nor sinking in the deeps,
 But skims the confines, till with fav'ring winds,
 Well pleas'd, at length, the destin'd port he finds.

What now remains, we hasten to explain, 585
 The last great effort of the tuneful strain.
 When the pleas'd bard his piece exulting fees,
 (The labour past) attain by just degrees
 It's destin'd bound, ah ! let him not too soon
 Commit the hasty verses to the town ; 590
 Let not the fatal thirst of fame inspire
 With hope too fond, and impotent desire ;
 But mov'd by timely sense of danger, shun
 The snare in which the many are undone :
 With caution's jealous eye review the whole, 595
 Subdue each soft emotion of the soul ;
 With steady hand th' impartial balance bear,
 And change the father's for the critic's care.
 Yet on himself too prudent to depend
 He courts the aid of some distinguish'd friend ; 600
 Whose judgment strict, from foolish fondness free,
 And wisely arm'd with just severity,

Knows, where the vulgar eye would ne'er suspect,
 Each latent, lurking blemish to detect.
 Nor does he seek to palliate a fault, 605
 But with the grandeur of superior thought,
 Admits the charge; nay, where he might repel
 Th' o'er rigid sentence, scruples to rebel;
 With kind regard the well meant error pays,
 And yields to censure, tho' he merit praise, 610
 Long thrown aside, the bard once more renews
 His former care, the work again reviews:
 But ah! how chang'd, in face, in form appears
 The doated offspring of his early years!
 With mingled grief and wonder he surveys, 615
 Asham'd to own the poor imperfect lays;
 Shock'd at the sight, the crude attempt disdains,
 And hastes to purge th' unconsecrated strains,
 Now here, now there his nicer taste rejects,
 Supplies with judgment, and with care corrects; 620

Where safest, still some hidden danger fears ;
 Resolv'd and just, the rigid faulchion bears ;
 Lops the rank shoots that too luxuriant grow,
 And severs from the trunk each useless bough ;
 Till night and day the cleansing pow'r apply'd, 625
 Wash out the stains that shew'd on ev'ry side,
 With better change each former fault atone,
 And leave a work no Muse would blush to own.
 Arduous indeed the task, but here ye bards,
 A wholesome rigour claims your first regards ; 630
 Pure be the verse that bears the poet's name
 To distant ages and immortal fame.
 When first impetuous genius rolls along,
 In all the force and majesty of song,
 Bare and unfinish'd should some part remain, 635
 Polish the verse, and touch it o'er again ;
 The sickly numbers ply with healing hand,
 And timely yield the succour they demand.

Not once alone the prudent bard applies
 The critic art; nor oft'ner will suffice. 640
 True to his task as the revolving sun,
 Nor spring nor autumn sees the labour done;
 Each rolling season, stedfast he pursues
 The glorious labour, and his toil renews,
 In diff'rent lights each changeful term displays, 645
 And turns the varied thought a thousand ways:
 Each phrase observes, each verse and figure tries,
 And not a word escapes his piercing eyes.
 Nor vain the care, for what eludes to-day
 The fruitless toil, another will repay; 650
 Full oft, when least th' unconscious bard expects,
 At once, the lurking blemish he detects,
 Confess'd to view; and wond'ring numbers o'er
 A thousand faults in clouds conceal'd before.
 Much might it help the studious toil to try 655
 The genial influence of a varied sky;

For with the clime the thoughts are wont to range
 In mutual motion, and confess the change ;
 Successive forms in various views design'd,
 Present their varied figures to the mind ; 66a
 From novel scenes new gleams resplendent rise,
 Dispel the shades, and lighten from the skies ;
 With brighter suns illumine the orient morn,
 And with new flow'rs the blooming verse adorn.
 Yet shall correction know it's certain bound, 66j
 Nor make, like some, one undistinguish'd wound,
 Unable to refrain their murd'rous hands,
 Till weak and maim'd th' exhausted figure stands ;
 The spirits sink, the life blood steals away ;
 And all the members hasten to decay ; 67a
 Lost are the former charms, nor aught appears,
 But hideous horrors, and unnumber'd scars.
 Here 'twere in vain the period to define,
 But when due time thy verses shall refine,

Mindful how short a space to man is giv'n, 675

How little known the hour prescrib'd by heav'n,

The labour cease, and to the world abroad,

Let the work take at once it's destin'd road;

Swift as the winds explore th' enraptur'd throng,

Fill ev'ry hand, and call forth ev'ry tongue. 680

Then, then thy friends shall join the plausive choir,

And future ages hear with fond desire;

O'er earth and skies thy glory shall extend,

Nor with old time thy growing fame shall end.

Who then shall doubt, to such high purpose born, 685

The care worn miser, and his wealth to scorn,

Look up ambitious to superior views,

And taste the sacred transports of the Muse?

O happy few, to whom indulgent heav'n

To know and follow these behests has giv'n, 690

Precepts in Phœbus' name divulg'd abroad,

Fraught with th' inspiring influence of the God!

For little must all human helps avail ;
 These precepts too, with ev'ry art must fail,
 Unless in instant aid divinely high, 695
 The Gods look down indulgent from the sky.
 I, what I could, have done, and shewn the fount
 Of Hippocrene, and the Aonian mount,
 And pointed to the high immortal choir,
 That moves enraptur'd to the sacred lyre, 700
 But ah ! th' opposing fates forbid to share
 The joy sublime, and taste the raptures there !
 Forc'd far away, I seek, alas ! in vain,
 To grasp the summit, and the steep to gain.
 Enough if some more favour'd bard I see, 705
 Explore the arduous way denied to me ;
 Led by my precepts reach the lofty brow,
 And beckon his companions from below.
 Some slender share of praise perhaps may claim
 This small attempt, and lead to future fame ; 710

When in a crowd the blooming choir shall join,
 Studios to learn the poet's art divine;
 With mind intent these certain rules revere,
 And to my precepts lend a willing ear.
 Then if the fav'ring fates my days prolong, 715
 Nor stop too early the unfinish'd song,
 Late in the last decline of gelid age,
 Oppress'd with years, and shrinking from the stage,
 With eager haste the anxious youth shall lend
 Their ready aid, their master's steps attend, 720
 Safe in their hands with fond contention bear
 O'er hill and dale, thro' groves and meadows fair,
 Till gently sinking at Apollo's gate,
 The last retreat of ebbing life I wait,
 And sing in death, at Phœbus hallow'd shrine, 725
 The poet's honours, and the sacred nine.
 Here close the song; the patriotic lays
 Attune to Virgil, and his deathless praise;

The pride of Latium, whence our strains derive
 Their strength and vigour, and are taught to live; 730
 How from their fav'rite mount he first brought o'er
 And fixt the Muses on th' Ausonian shore,
 While far and wide, the Latian realms around,
 Argolic strains from Roman tongues resound;
 How the young bard, the fields and groves among, 735
 Tried on his reed the soft Sicilian song;
 Bade to the lowly swain due honours rise,
 And bore the rural praises to the skies;
 Taught thy proud car, Triptolemus, to soar,
 In rapid flight, unknown, untried before. 740
 Last the high glories of the Roman name,
 Prepar'd to sing, the mighty poet came;
 Provok'd to arms, while rang'd in dread array,
 Latian and Phrygian heroes we survey;
 Father of verse divine, in whom alone, 745
 The poet race their chief, their leader own;

Follow thy waving standard, and convey
 From vanquish'd Greece the glorious spoils away !
 While in Elysium rapt her tuneful train
 Ecstatic hear and own thy matchless strain. 750
 Great source of all enraptur'd poets prize,
 On thee exulting Latium turns her eyes ;
 From thee each future bard his worth derives,
 Draws from thy stores, and on thy bounty lives,
 From his first years delighted taught to taste 755
 Thy sweets, and revel on the rich repast.
 Ne'er shall pale envy thy dread rights invade ;
 To thee unrivall'd honours shall be paid.
 Hail ! happy, matchless bard ! ordain'd to soar,
 Where human daring shall aspire no more. 760
 For strains like thine what mortal could bestow ?
 From Phoebus self the magic numbers flow ;
 Phoebus to thee his fav'rite, proud t' impart
 His pow'r transcendent and celestial art.

If ought of skill or worth our numbers know, 765
 To thee our youth the blest instruction owe;
 Th' aspiring few, whom following thee alone,
 To high Parnassus' steep I beckon on,
 And mark thy footsteps, pointing to the road
 Where once sublime our hero tow'ring trod. 770
 Hail! light of Italy, our country's pride,
 The poet's honour'd guardian, and his guide!
 To thee we bow, to thee the chaplet twine,
 Present our incense at thy laurel'd shrine,
 In annual vows thy deathless name rehearse, 775
 With stated off'rings and perennial verse.
 Hail! prime of men! no words of ours can raise
 Thy fame superior and unbounded praise.
 To us, blest bard, thy fav'ring pow'r be shewn,
 Implant within a transport like thy own; 780
 Deep to my soul the sacred warmth impart,
 And with th' immortal ardour fire my heart.

TRANSLATIONS

OF

O D E S

FROM THE LATIN

OF

BISHOP LOWTH,

MR GRAY, &c.

Ad ornatissimam Puellam.

VANÆ sit arti, sit studio modus,
Formosa virgo ; sit speculo quies ;
Curamque quærendi decoris
Mitte, supervacuosque cultus.

Ut fortuitis verna coloribus
Depicta vulgo rura magis placent ;
Nec invident horto nitenti
Divitias operosiores ;

Lenique fons cum murmure pulchrior
Obliquat ultro præcipitem fugam,
Interque luctantes lapillos
Ducit aquas temere sequentes :

Utque inter undas, inter et arbores
Jam vere primo dulce strepunt aves,
Et arte nulla gratiores,
Ingeminant sine lege cantus :

To a LADY who was fond of DRESS.

BY BISHOP LOWTH.

ENOUGH, my Celia! lay these arts aside,
 Nor dress thee with such nice, superfluous care;
 These only serve thy num'rous charms to hide,
 And but disguise the face that's truly fair.

As void of art the rural verdure blooms,
 When Flora pours her beauties o'er the plain,
 Nor envies the rich garden it's perfumes,
 In splendid pomp magnificently vain;

As unconstrain'd the silver fountains glide,
 And softly wind their murm'ring streams along,
 While from the spray that trembles o'er the tide,
 The tuneful choir their untaught notes prolong,

Yet please the more, since nature's magic hand
 In charms unrival'd decks the sylvan scene,
 With her own skill informs th' aerial band,
 And with her pencil paints the living green.

Nativa sic te gratia, te nitor
 Simplex decebit ; te Veneres tuæ ;
 Nudus Cupido fuspicatur
 Artifices nimis apparatus.

Ergo fluentem tu male sedula
 Ne sæva inuras semper acu comam ;
 Neu sparfa odorato nitentes
 Pulvere dedecores capillos ;

Quales nec olim vel Ptolemæia
 Jactabat uxor, fidereo in choro
 Utcunque devotæ refulgent,
 Verticis exuviæ decori ;

Nec diva mater, cum similem tuæ
 Mentita formam, et pulchrior aspici,
 Permisit incomptas protervis
 Fusas comas agitare ventis.

So thee, in thy own genuine charms array'd,
And simple elegance, unspoil'd by art,
What mortal but must hail the brightest maid,
Thy conquest own, and yield his willing heart?

Love unadorn'd, abhors the pomp of dress,
It's borrow'd splendor, and it's vain disguise:
But who the powers of nature can express,
Or paint the charm that lurks in Celia's eyes?

Since then superior beauty needs no foil,
Thy graceful tresses, gentle Celia, spare,
Torture no more those lovely locks, nor foil
With odoriferous dust thy golden hair.

Not such fam'd Ptolemy's transcendent queen,
In all her pride of beauty e'er could boast,
Though now with brightest constellations seen,
And shining radiant, 'midst the heav'nly host;

Nor Cytherea, when to meet her son,
Her state divine the goddess left behind,
A form like thine the Queen of Love put on,
And her loose tresses wanton'd in the wind.

BARBARAS ædes aditure mecum,
 Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
 Lis ubi late sonat, et togatum,
 Æstuat agmen!

Dulcius quanto, patulis sub ulmi
 Hospitæ ramis temere jacentem
 Sic libris horas, tenuiq; inertes
 Fallere musa?

Sæpe enim curis vagor expedita
 Mente; dum blandam meditans Camænam,
 Vix malo rori, meminive feræ
 Cedere nocti;

Et pedes quo me rapiunt, in omni
 Colle Parnassum videor videre
 Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamq; in omni
 Fonte Aganippen.

BY MR GRAY:

*Addressed to Mr WEST, on their Destination to the Study
of the Law.*

THOU who with me to those sad seats shall come,
Where, nurs'd in strife the wrangling lawyers bawl;
Where Eris triumphs in her native home,
And fierce contention echoes through the hall;

How much more blest, beneath the friendly shade
Of spreading elms, would kinder fortune smile,
In letter'd ease to court the sisters' aid,
While books and verse the gentle hours beguile!

Here oft I wander, free from anxious care,
And sweetly meditate the sober Muse,
Though night extend her mantle o'er the air,
And the moist Hesp'rus shed unwholesome dews.

Here fond imagination lends her aid,
Hallows the plain, and consecrates the grove;
On ev'ry hill Parnassus stands display'd,
And Aganippe flows where'er I rove.

Risit et ver me, facilesq; nymphae,
Nare captantem, nec ineleganti,
Mane quicquid de violis eundo

Surripit aura,

Me reclinatum teneram per herbam;
Qua leves cursus aqua cunque ducit,
Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
Nectit in omni.

Hæ novo nostrum fere pectus anno
Simplices curæ tenere, cœlum
Quamdiu fudum explicuit Favoni

Purior Hora:

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
Nec magis Phœbo Clytie fidelis;
(Ingruant venti licet, et senescat

Mollior æstas.)

Namque, seu lætos hominum labores
Prataq; et montes recreante curru,
Purpura tractus oriens Eoos

Vestit et auro;

The nymphs soft smiling and the blooming spring,
With charms alternate every sense assail,
Sweet violets their early odours bring,
And scent the pinions of the morning gale.

Here, stretch'd at ease upon the tender grass,
I gaze delighted on the stream below;
The strugg'ling waters softly murm'ring pass,
Yet linger, o'er the pebbles as they flow.

Such were the gentle cares that sooth'd my mind,
As deck'd in flowers the rip'ning year drew nigh,
While Æolus the boist'rous blast confin'd,
And soft Favonius chear'd the placid sky.

Nor will I yet desert the rural shade,
Faithful as Clytie to the God of day;
Though summer waxes old, and o'er my head,
The bleak wind whistles, and the tempests play.

Whether Eoos, ush'ring in the morn,
Urge his swift chariot o'er the deep serene,
With gold and purple tinge the waving corn,
Rocks, cities, mountains, and the dewy green;

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
Prodigum splendoris : amœniori
Sive dilectam meditatur igne

Pingere Calpen ;

Usque dum, fulgore magis magis jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Labitur furtim, viridisq; in umbris
Scena recessit.

O Ego felix, vice si, (nec unquam
Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
Parca me lenis sineret quieto

Fallere Letho !

Multa flagranti radiisq; cincto
Integris ah ! quam nihil inviderem,
Cum Dei ardentes medius quadrigas

Sentit Olympus.

Or whether it delight thee more to shed
On Calpe's skirted clouds thy softer ray ;
Till by degrees the less'ning colours fade,
And the bright vision sinks in shades away.

Yet will I sing thy all enlivening beam,
As through the heavens thy flaming couriers fly,
Till pale Selina shed her sickly gleam,
Assert her empire and usurp the sky.

Thrice happy, would the fatal sisters grant,
Like thee to set, and never rise again !
For other boon I neither ask nor want,
Than cease to live to sorrow and to pain.

OH! Tu, feveri Religio loci,
 Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
 Nativa nam certe fluenta
 Numen habet, veteresque Sylvas;

Præsentior~~em~~ et conspicimus Deum
 Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
 Clivosque præruptos, fonantes
 Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;

Quam si repositus sub trabe citrea
 Fulgeret auro, et Phidiaca manu)
 Salve vocanti rite, fesso et
 Da placidam juveni quietem.

*Written by the same Author, at the Chartreuse,
in France.*

O Thou the Genius of these awful shades,
These murm'ring streams, and dark embow'ring
groves ;

(For sure some God the blest recess pervades,
That sacred peace and sober silence loves ;

Wild rocks, and woods impervious to the day,
The dashing waters, and the craggy steep,
More than the costly pile thy steps betray,
Where Grecian busts their splendid station keep,

Though Phidias or Lyfippus had design'd,
The utmost effort of their art to prove,
Here the dread Pallas, on her lance reclin'd,
And there the mightier majesty of Jove.)

Give, Pow'r benign ! ah ! give my care-worn youth,
Safe from the storm within these haunts to rest ;
Pleas'd to survey the genuine form of truth,
In her soft calm and placid virtue blest !

Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacra lege silentii
Vetat volentem, me reforbens
In medios violenta fluctus :

Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas fenestæ ducere liberas ;
Tutumque vulgari tumultu
Surripias, hominumque curis.

This envied pause, this still, serene retreat,
 My first request, should stubborn fate withstand;
 From the dear haven force my trembling feet,
 And snatch th' expected blessing from my hand;

Should fortune stern yet push me from the shore,
 And launch reluctant to the deeps again,
 Where billows roll in wild tumultuous roar,
 And scowling tempests rage thro' all the main.

Grant my old age, at least, some friendly shade;
 Let care and tumult fly my humble dome;
 There let my bones at length be decent laid,
 There may I find my latest, dearest home.

LIB. I. ODE 39. *Ad JULIUM FLORUM.*

DISCOLOR grandem gravat uva ramum;
 Instat Autumnus; glacialis anno
 Mox Hyems volvente aderit, capillis
 Horrida canis.

Jam licet nymphas trepide fugaces
 Inféqui, lento pede detinendas;
 Et labris captæ, simulantis iram
 Oscula figi.

Jam licet vino madidos vetusto
 De die lætum recitare carmen,
 Flore, si te des hilarem, licebit
 Sumere noctem.

Jam vide curas Aquilone spargas!
 Mens viri fortis sibi constat, utrum
 Serius lethi, citiusve triftis
 Advolat hora!

BOOK I. ODE 39. To JULIUS FLORUS.

AUTUMN advances, and the rolling year
 Purples the vine, and bends the loaded bough;
 E'er long stern, sluggish winter will be here,
 Bound up in frost, and white with Alpine snow.

Now flies the nymph; the am'rous youth pursues;
 (His clasping arms the struggling fair detain)
 Imprints the kiss her maiden arts refuse,
 For well he knows the virgin does but feign.

Now is the time with wine and sprightly song,
 To crown the feast, and gild the gladsome day,
 If thou be there, my Florus, and prolong
 Late to the noon of night the festive lay:

What tho' the North from his bleak pinions shed
 Consuming care, the brave defies his pow'r;
 Careless if soon to join th' oblivious dead,
 Or distant yet th' irrevocable hour.

ODE 40. *Ad Librum suum.*

DULCI libello nemo fodaliū
Forſan meorum charior extitit :
De te merenti quid fidelis
Officiū Domino rependes ?

Te Roma cautum territat ardua ?
Depone vanos invidiæ metus ;
Urbisq; fidens dignitati,
Per plateas animoſus audi.

En quo furentes Eumenidum choros
Diſjecit alto fulmine Jupiter !
Huic ara ſtabit, fama cantu
Perpetuo celebranda creſcet.

ODE 40. *To his Book.*

O H! thou my first delight, immortal page,
Child of my soul, ah! how shalt thou repay
My fond regards, and bless the future age,
If yet unseen thy latent charms decay?

Does critic Rome thy cautious breast control?
Dismiss thy fears; the shafts of envy dare;
Go forth, unanxious, and from pole to pole,
Swift as the winds thy master's glory bear.

See! where the red right hand of thund'ring Jove,
Hurls the fierce Furies to the shades below!
He be invok'd, the first of Gods above,
And in our strains his praise perennial flow.

Epitaphium Felis. By DR JORTIN.

FESSA annis, morboque gravi, mitissima Felis,
 Infernos tandem cogor adire lacus :
 Et mihi subridens Proserpina dixit, ‘ Habeto
 Elysios soles, Elysiumque nemus.’
 Sed, ‘ bene si merui, facilis Regina Silentum,
 Da mihi saltem una nocte redire domum ;
 Nocte redire domum, dominoq; hæc dicere in aurem,
 Te tua fida etiam trans Styga Felis amat.’

Epitaph on a Favourite Cat.

WORN with disease, by num’rous years decay’d,
 Reluctant to Tartarean realms I go ;
 Of all the Tabby race the gentlest maid ;
 When thus the Pow’r that rules the world below
 Sweet smiling said ; ‘ the happy soil be thine,
 Of bright Elysium, and her sacred grove.
 But I ; ‘ O Queen of shades, the boon be mine,
 If ought our worth thy gracious pity move,
 One night, at least, to mortals to return,
 And softly whisper in my master’s ear ;
 Thy faithful Puss, beyond the Stygian bourn,
 Still owns thy fondness, and still loves thee there.’

On DEAN ALDRICH. By S. WESLEY, A. M.

CUM subit illius lætissima frontis imago,
 Quem nostri toties explicuere sales :
 Cum subit & canum caput, & vigor acer ocelli,
 Et digna mistus cum gravitate lepos :
 Solvimur in lachrymas, & inania munera versus
 Ad tumulum sparsis fert Elegia comis.
 Aldricho, debent cui munera tanta Camænæ,
 Hoc tribuisse parum est, non tribuisse scelus.

OFt as fond memory to the mind renews
 That chearful look benign, that sprightly air ;
 The piercing eye illum'd with science views,
 And the fair honours of thy silver hair ;
 Still as she thinks how oft our artless mirth,
 With placid smiles o'erspread thy manly brow ;
 Where decent dignity, of heav'nly birth,
 And sparkling wit in happy union shew ;
 Dissolv'd in tears, her elegiac strains,
 Aldrich, to thee the Muse indebted pays ;
 Indebted still the grateful Muse remains,
 Yet this sad strain 'twere impious not to raise.

E L E G Y

To the Memory of Mr REED, of the Borrowdale,

Who was lost in a violent storm on the coast of Norfolk,
in October, 1789.

“ G O, trusty bark, and dearer to my heart
“ Than all that wealth or pleasure can afford,
“ Back to his Latium bear my better part ;
“ Nor let these plains deplore their absent lord.

“ Stedfast as fate his fierce unconquer'd mind ;
“ Than triple brass more firm his mighty soul ;
“ That to the ocean first, and raging wind,
“ Gave the frail plank, and fought the distant pole ;

“ That, undismay'd, the wat'ry region tried,
“ While on the lofty deck the hero stood,
“ Pleas'd o'er the subject main secure to ride,
“ And dare the fury of the boist'rous flood.

“ What form of death, what terror should he fear,
“ Who heard, unmov'd, th' impetuous billows roar ?
“ Saw the huge monsters of the deep appear,
“ And the swift ship retiring from the shore ?

"Saw where the stormy South his empire boasts,

"O'er fullen Adria, and her gloomy wave;

"And high Acroceraunia guards the coast,

"Whose ragged rocks the idle tempests brave?

"In vain did Heav'n the distant lands divide,

"And sever from the inhospitable main,

"If men presumptuous tempt the treach'rous tide,

"And sense of danger sink in thirst of gain!"

So sung the bard of yore, whose tuneful hand

On Tyber's banks first wak'd the lyric strain;

So sad Eliza from the northern strand

In softest accents blest her parting swain.

Curst be the wretch that piercing first the tomb,

Where long the shining ruin lay confin'd,

Saw the vile ore, and from earth's hollow womb

Pour'd forth the baleful influence on mankind.

Then from the fabled box *, in evil hour,

Rush'd pale contagion, of infectious breath,

And fell disease with all-subduing pow'r

Then wide display'd the spacious gates of death.

* The box of Pandora.

Oh! lust of gold! since first thy sordid rage
 Impious began, with unrelenting sway,
 Let loose the furies of the iron-age,
 And vice and crimes obscur'd the face of day,

Still do we trace thy footsteps, stain'd with gore,
 In the grim front of war, 'midst heaps of slain;
 Where throng'd battalions press the bloody shore,
 And reap the purple harvest of the plain;

Or where the stately bark, with swelling sails,
 And streamers waving, quits the crowded bay,
 O'er the smooth surface glides with prosp'rous gales,
 As through the brine the finny nations play.

By thee inspir'd, the hardy tar pursues
 His vent'rous way thro' nature's wide domain,
 Where other shores in distant climes he views,
 That bind in frost, or scorch the sultry plain.

He ploughs the desert wave, and smiles at toil,
 The rage of Sirius, or the polar snow;
 And fir'd by mem'ry of his natal soil,
 Dares the rude storm, or meets th' embattled foe.

Safe from the torrid and the frozen zone,
 Pleas'd he revisits all he left behind;
 Nor sees his fate, nor hears his future groan
 Pour it's last echoes to the passing wind.

Thus, gentle REED, from distant climes restor'd,
 Did friendship's eye beam bright on thy return;
 Nor saw how soon, alas! and how deplor'd,
 Thou too shouldst seek th' irremeable bourn.

Full oft shall mem'ry, brooding o'er the past,
 The horrors of that fatal morn recal,
 When, from th' Æolian cave, the issuing blast
 Urg'd it's dread terrors o'er th' affrighted ball.

In vain the fondness of maternal love,
 In vain thy spouse and weeping sister join,
 In anxious vows to him that rules above,
 And supplicate for thee the power divine.

In vain they charge the freighted bark to bear
 Her rich deposit o'er the gloomy wave;
 Nor see their vows dispers'd in empty air,
 Nor yet preface for thee the destin'd grave!

Calm and serene the faithless evening shone,
That gave thee once again to tempt the flood;
And, sinking to the west, the circling sun
Unboding set, and innocent of blood.

Yet the gay sun that ting'd the placid scene,
In golden pomp descending to the west;
Nor the still calm that hush'd the deep serene,
Could check the dire presage that fill'd thy breast.

What boots it now, thy sad prophetic soul,
Warn'd from above, descried impending fate?
Of doubt and fear first felt the stern control,
And saw wide ope the adamantine gate!

How fond the wish, that heav'n-imparted fear
Had from the billows sav'd thy rosy breath,
To sorrowing friendship spar'd the bitter tear,
And snatch'd one victim from the grasp of death!

For lo! in air, the gath'ring whirlwinds meet;
Clouds rush on clouds, in fierce confusion hurl'd,
And, big with ruin, rage through all the fleet,
And fill with wild uproar the wat'ry world.

Howls the loud storm, and from the aching fight,
In fullen darkness wraps the dread domain ;
As chaos were return'd, and tenfold Night
Resum'd her ancient, melancholy reign.

See! reeling through the foamy, wild abyss,
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne :
Astonish'd hear the growing tempest hiss ;
And hope and fear alike th' expected morn.

Ah! what avails of youth th' intrepid force,
Or the calm counsels of maturer age,
Of stubborn fate t' avert th' unalter'd course,
Or quell the storm, or curb old Ocean's rage?

Nor might, nor skill the striking bark can save ;
The lurking sands arrest her from beneath ;
With horrid crash, wide op'ning to the wave,
And dreadful rushes in the wat'ry death !

They seek the monstrous caverns of the deep ;
Or breathless cast upon the sounding shore,
(Where birds of prey their dreary mansions keep,
And round the storm-beat rock the billows roar)

Neglected lie ; the last sad rites denied,
 That pious duty pays the flitting shade,
 Of hallow'd earth, the sleeping dust to hide,
 And solemn dirge, slow winding through the glade.

What though in storms thy gentle spirit fled,
 Midst raging billows, and a wint'ry sky ;
 And the green wave, deep closing o'er thy head,
 Low sunk beneath, thy sacred relics lie !

Yet not unblest, O REED ! thy mournful bier,
 Nor yet un Sung thy ashes shall remain ;
 To thee shall friendship pour the pious tear,
 And the Muse urge the elegiac strain.

What though to soft humanity denied,
 To tend thy couch, and catch thy parting breath !
 Watch the last ebb of life's retreating tide,
 And wipe away the chill, cold damps of death !

Yet present he, the mild, propitious Power,
 That from the flood the rash disciple bore,
 To sooth the anguish of thy final hour,
 And bid his angels waft thee to the shore.

There rest in peace : e'er long, when Heav'n decrees,
We too, like thee, the frequent path shall tread ;
And tofs'd awhile on life's tempestuous seas,
Outfly the storm, and mingle with the dead.

Z

There is a great deal of work to be done
in the way of the general public
and the people of the world
and the people of the world

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NOTES ON THE POETICS.

B O O K I.

Verse 17. **O**UR poet dedicates his work to Francis, at that time Dauphin, and son of the celebrated Francis the First of France. The actions of this Prince make no small figure in the history of the sixteenth century. The spirit of rivalry and animosity, which so long subsisted between him and the Emperor Charles the Fifth, was the source of infinite confusion and disorder, and deluged Europe with blood. In a great battle, fought under the walls of Pavia, which Francis was besieging, he was defeated, and taken prisoner. From Pavia he was conveyed to a strong castle near Cremona, and afterwards to Madrid, where he was guarded by Alarcon, a Spanish General, with that rigid circumspection which might be expected from the severity of his temper, and the value of the prize. After languishing upwards of a year in captivity, he was released upon conditions, which did little credit either to the understanding or the humanity of the Emperor. His eldest son the Dauphin, and his second son the Duke of Orleans, or in lieu of him, twelve of his principal nobility were to be delivered up, in the moment of his release, as hostages for the performance of the treaty.

The exchange of Francis for his sons was conducted by Alarcon with his usual caution. From Madrid the returning monarch was escorted by a body of horse. When he arrived at the Andaye, a

river which divides France from Spain, Francis's General Lautrec appeared on the other side with an equal number. An empty bark having moored in the stream, Lannoy and eight gentlemen put off from the Spanish, and Lautrec with the same number, and at the same instant from the French shore. In Lautrec's boat were the Dauphin and the Duke of Orleans. They met in the empty vessel—The exchange was instantly made; and Francis, after embracing his children, leaped into Lautrec's boat, and landed in his own dominions. A fine Turkish horse being provided for him, he sprung into the seat, waved his hand over his head, and repeatedly exclaiming, "I am yet a King," galloped full speed to St John de Luz, and from thence to Bayonne. This event happened on the 18th of March, 1526, a year and twenty-two days after the battle of Pavia.

The sons of Francis remained upwards of three years in captivity, from which they were finally released in 1529, by the peace of Cambray. The Dauphin, who was a prince of great hopes, and on account of his resemblance to his father, universally beloved, died in his nineteenth year, not without suspicion of poison, which some, who reflected that there is nothing of which ambition is not capable, made no scruple to impute to the machinations of the Emperor. Others, however, ascribe it to his having drunk cold water, when over-heated at tennis. See Robertson's history of the Emperor Charles V. vol. 2 & 3 passim.

V. 45. In this assertion Scaliger is of opinion that Vida is mistaken, and asserts that poetry had it's origin in the earliest times among the shepherds. Others agree with our poet, and observe,

that there is nothing among the Greeks of greater antiquity than the hymns of Orpheus and Homer; and that if there were, it would not take from this species of composition, the palm of antiquity, since the invention of poetry ought to be ascribed not to the Greeks but to the Hebrews, who flourished long before the Trojan war, and even prior to the arrival of Cadmus in Bœotia. It is added, that there is nothing extant in verse of so early a date as the song of Moses in the fifteenth of Exodus, which Josephus says, are composed, in hexameters. See Tristram in loc.

Several parts of the Old Testament are written in verse. St Jerome says, that the book of Job, is, for the most part, written in heroics; and from the words "Let the day perish wherein I was born," chap. iii. 3. to "wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes," chap. xiii. 6. all is hexameter verse, consisting of dactyls and spondees, like the Greek of Homer, or the Latin of Virgil. It is allowed by other critics, that the observation of Jerome is just.

The absurdities of the Rabbins are frequently no less ridiculous in philosophy than in divinity. Some of them have discovered that the first poet was Adam; and that he composed the ninety-second Psalm previous to the fall, and sung it on the first sabbath. Josephus is credulous enough to declare his assent to an idle tradition, that writing was not only in use before the flood, but that it was invented by Adam himself!

V. 61. Phemonoe. Pliny, Eustathius, Pausanias, and others give this tribute to Phemonoe, as priestess and prophetess of

Apollo. Strabo says *πρωτὴν δὲ Φημιονην φασὶ γενέσθαι Πυθίαν*. She is supposed to have been the first Pythia. The first verse she is reported to have uttered, is

Συμφερέει πτέρω τ' οἰωνοί, κηρόν γ' ἐμλίσσαι.

Birds, lend your pinions, and your wax, ye bees ;

a verse which favours not a little of the future mystery and ambiguity of the oracle. This priestess is supposed to have lived either in the time of Abas, king of the Argives, or of Acrisius. So says Clemens Alexandrinus ; but he adds, that perhaps she was not the inventor of heroic verse, but the first who uttered oracles in that measure.

The opinions of the critics on the formation of verse are various. Aristotle gives his opinion in favour of heroic verse, by which he means hexameters, as the most stately and majestic measure. There was a time, when, in this country, pindarics were most in esteem. Dryden says, that the alternate quatrain is the most magnificent structure of verse of which our language is capable. But it is observed, in poems of considerable length, to be particularly tiresome and insipid.

109 & 110. This advice is as important, as the principles on which it is founded, are obvious. Many, in all ages, have mistaken the itch of writing, for the capacity. But whatever may be thought by those pretenders, who without any foundation in nature, or any assistance from education, expect to start up at once into poetical perfection, genius and art must each contribute to excellence in this, as in every species of composition. A know-

ledge of men and things almost universal, an innate grandeur and elevation of sentiment, with an equal energy and felicity of expression, and a lively imagination regulated by the most correct judgment, are some of the rare qualifications necessary in a poet. Quintilian, speaking both of orators and poets, says, "it is obvious, that they ought to lay up a stock of wealth, which may be always ready for use; that is, an ample store of matter and expression."

115 to 120. This remark is worth attention. There are moments in which thoughts fraught with excellence and beauty, suddenly present themselves to the mind, and if not retained by a memory more happy than usual, as suddenly vanish in oblivion. Such fortuitous fallies ought instantly to be committed to paper. Though perhaps not applicable to any immediate purpose, they will have their use on some future occasion. Pliny tells us, in one of his letters, that he always took with him his implements for writing, even when he went to the chase; that putting down any thing that should occur, he might not return home with the mortification of having caught nothing. Quintilian offers excellent reasons for such a conduct. "*Irrumpunt enim optimi nunquam sensus, quos neque inferere oportet, neque differre tutum est: quia interim elabuntur, interim memoriæ suæ intentos ab alia inventione declinant, ideoque optime sunt in deposito.* Sometimes admirable thoughts occur, which it were neither proper to insert in the work in hand, nor safe to defer: for they either escape us; or by endeavouring to recollect them, we lose the discovery of something else. The best way therefore is to commit them to writing." Quintilian. Book 10. C. 3.

121. With this advice of Vida, perfectly agrees that of Erasmus; who recommends a careful and habitual perusal of the best writers, particularly those who excel, like Tully, in a copious fluency of expression; and he exhorts the student to a peculiar attention to rhetorical figures; storing them up in his memory for the purpose of imitation, and learning by frequent use, to have them always at hand. Erasmus de copia verborum. c. 9.

125. This is recommended, among others, by Aristotle, in his Poetics; who observes that by this means, the poet having the whole subject before his eyes, as if he were a spectator of the actions he relates, will perceive what is proper to insert, and avoid absurdity and inconsistency.

141. Petronius advises the young orator,

“Det primos versibus annos,
Mæoniumque bibat felici pectore fontem;

to dedicate his earliest years to verse, and to drink largely at the Mæonian fount.” To the future bard this injunction is still more applicable. But there is some danger in attempting composition too early: for he who engages in it, while his talents are totally unequal to the task, will most likely be discouraged, before his faculties begin to expand. It is infinitely better to be late in attempting composition, than to produce such pieces as we often see extorted by necessity, and carry the marks of infinite labour and toil.—Nature may be assisted, but cannot be forced with impunity: and he who shall oblige a boy to write before he is capable, will seldom fail to fix him irrecoverably, not a scholar or a poet, but a pedant or a dunce.

143. It is well observed by Erasmus, on the mode of study, that the best arts should be learned from the ablest masters. For what, says he, can be so foolish, as to learn with much trouble and fatigue, what you are afterwards constrained, with still greater difficulty, to unlearn? But nothing is more easily learned, than what is true and excellent. Whereas, if error and false taste be ever obtruded upon the mind, it is wonderful with what difficulty they are erased. To the same purpose is a remark of Quintilian; who having observed, that we are naturally most tenacious of what we learn in youth, emphatically adds, *Non assuescat ergo, ne dum infans quidem est, sermoni qui dediscendus est*; let him not therefore be accustomed, while yet a child, to a mode of speaking which must be unlearned again.

To these may be added the advice of Plutarch, who says, in his treatise on education, that when boys are of sufficient age to be committed to the care of a master, singular caution should be observed in the choice of a proper person; *ως μη λαθῶσιν ἀνδροποδοῖς, ἢ βαρβαροῖς τὰ ἱκανὰ παραδοῖτες*, by no means committing children to obscure and barbarous understrappers.

157. The poet here seems to aim a stroke at those successors of the angelic and irrefragable doctors of the eleventh to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, who preserved the scholastic pedantry without the ability of their masters, and were just able to keep up an humble imitation of their unintelligible jargon of the essence of universals, the substantial form of sounds, insolubles, hæcieties and intrinsic modes. An education conducted on such wild and chimerical principles, could not fail to introduce a false

and barbarous taste; and to cultivate a mode of sentiment and expression directly contrary to that pure, perspicuous elegance, which is certainly the first charm of composition, whether in verse or prose. Who can read, but with contempt or indignation, the works of an author, who, through ignorance or affectation, is perpetually involved in darkness, and obscures science with a cloud of dust?

Equally contemptible, is the laborious discussion of useless and impertinent questions. Of this sort is that, so long and learnedly investigated, concerning a hog driven to market with a rope fastened to him, and the other end held by a man; on which it is demanded, whether the hog is taken to market by the man, or the man by the hog! Much of a piece with this is the question of the ass in dilemma, between two bundles of hay, and so equally attracted by each, that it was judged by the sophists, he could touch neither. There was a time, when such impertinencies were dignified with the name of philosophy. At present we give them their proper name, *pedantry run mad*.

171. The same reason why young students should be entrusted only to the best living instructors, will equally prove the necessity of their being early trained to the study of the best writers. On this account Virgil is with great propriety recommended, since he is certainly one of the greatest masters of language, and adopted into the Latin tongue all the sweetness and majesty of Plato, with whose writings he was intimately acquainted. To Virgil his master Homer will be added of course. Quintilian thinks that these should be among the first books read by the

learner: for, says he, "though at first his powers may be too limited to relish their beauties, it is to be remembered that these are to be read over and over. In the mean time, his genius being improved by the sublimity of heroic verse, and his judgment expanded by the grandeur of the subject, he will be impressed by degrees with the most excellent sentiments."

178. Of Ascanius or Iulus, son of Æneas and Creusa, frequent mention is made in different parts of the Æneid. Of Lausus, slain as he comes to the rescue of his father Mezentius, see an account in the tenth Æneid; of Pallas slain by Turnus, in the fifth;—and of Euryalus by Volscens, in the ninth, verse 432. It is remarked by Tristram, that the poet introduces the unhappy fate of these young warriors, either because proximity of age has a singular tendency to excite attention, or because relations of melancholy events have a peculiar influence on tender and inexperienced minds.

202. From Vida's mode of expression in this passage, one might suppose, on the first reading, that he was about to recite a catalogue, and to introduce a sort of review of the Greek and Latin poets. To this idea the following verses seem full in point.

"Nam, quia non paucos parte ex utraque poetas,
Nostrosque, Graiosque tibi se offerre videbis,
Quos hic evites, quibus idem fidere tutus
Evaleas, dicam, ne quis te fallere possit.
Haud multus labor autores tibi prodere Graios,
Quos inter potitur sceptris insignis Homerus."

This, however, he has not done, but in a general and compendious manner; simply referring to some of the Latin poets, and observing upon the whole, that the Greek writers who lived near the time of Homer were superior to the moderns. As this is the case, I have given the passage a turn something different, and couched it in terms less precise and decisive than my author:

“ 'Twere well to each, &c.”

211. Homer is indisputably the father of Epic verse. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says, in allusion to a passage in the Iliad, that he may justly be considered as the *Κορυφή ἢ Σκοπος*, the head and source,

Ἐξ ἧς πᾶς πᾶσις πόταμις ἢ παρὰ θαλάσσης

Καὶ παρὰ κρήναι,

whence flow all the seas and rivers, and all the tributary streams of verse.

222. In this and the following verses, the poet has an eye to the state of Greece, from the first irruption of the barbarians to the present time; not without a particular allusion to the Turks, who are in possession of those countries and islands once included in the general name of Greece, and so famous for the cultivation of the arts, which their present possessors hold in sovereign contempt. Vida had more reasons than one for his reflections on this barbarous race. Italy, and Europe in general, was, about this time, threatened with an invasion under the famous Solyman; so that religion, patriotism, and the love of letters all conspired to give an edge to his indignation. Voltaire considered it as one

misfortune of old age, that he could not live to see, as he expressed it, "the destruction of those rogues the Turks, who shut up the women, and do not cultivate the fine arts." It is indeed a melancholy consideration, that the finest country in the world is under the worst government; in which all nature seems to languish under it's barbarous and absurd policy.—Despotism, especially the sullen, stupid despotism of the East, is alike unfavourable to the mind of man, and to the face of the earth. It blasts every thing within it's reach.

232. In this passage our author exemplifies the rustic, obsolete language of these early writers;

— tunc omne sonabat

Arbustum fremitu sylvæ frondosæ.

234. Ennius, a native of Calabria, was one of the earliest Latin writers of heroic verse. Before him the candidates for poetic fame chiefly confined themselves to rural and pastoral themes. Ennius was both an epic poet and satyrist; in the last of which, however, he was considerably exceeded by his successor Lucilius. He was a favourite of Scipio Africanus, and wrote a poem on the second Punick war.

238. Lucretius, a celebrated Latin poet, and the only one to whom these remarks can be applied, wrote a poem "*De rerum natura*," which is translated into English by Mr Creech. His wife is said, in a fit of jealousy, to have given him a philtre, which drove him into temporary starts of madness; in one of which he at last killed himself, at the age of fifty-one, and fifty-

four years before the Christian æra. His system has been refuted in a Latin poem, entitled *Anti-Lucretius*, by Cardinal Polignac.

250. Virgil and Horace, the one as eminent in lyric, as the other in heroic verse, have brought the poetry and the language of their country to the last degree of perfection,

What a difference between Vida and a late critic! The one is so enamoured of Virgil, that he makes no scruple to prefer him, in every thing but invention, even to Homer: and the other, thinking with a perspicacity peculiar to himself, that singularity and boldness must be essential to sound criticism, condemns Virgil, in his *Drawcanfir* style, *toto calo*, and thinks that if his language had not operated as a pickle to preserve his sentiments, he must long ago have sunk into total oblivion! It is at the same time, curious to observe, that our poet's veneration for Virgil so far overpowers him, as to make him utterly lose sight of the courtly and elegant Horace. His name is not once mentioned in the *Poetics*; nor do I recollect the most distant allusion to his writings, unless, by an anachronism not unusual with the poets, he classes him among the earlier writers of Italy. It is almost superfluous to remark, that Virgil and Horace were cotemporaries and friends.

282. Tyrants and barbarians are the natural enemies of the republic of letters; and, on this account, the names of Attila, Alaric, Genferic, the Ostrogoths and Visigoths, those savage destroyers of learning, will be infamous to all generations. History is full of the ravages of tyrants. Chi Ho-amti, emperor of China, who built the great wall between that country and Tartary, de-

stroyed all the books and learned men of that vast empire. The Caliph, Omar the First, having made the conquest of Egypt, ordered his general to burn the Ptolemæan library, in which were upwards of four hundred thousand; or, as some say, seven hundred thousand volumes. With these books, the baths of Alexandria are said to have been heated for six months. Over the door of this library was inscribed, in Greek, *THE PHYSIC OF THE SOUL*. Hence those well known lines of Pope, in the Dunciad;

“ Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science their bright course begun :
One *godlike* monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wand’ring Tartar bounds ;
Heav’ns ! what a pile ! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.
Thence to the south extend thy gladden’d eyes,
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their phyfic of the soul.”

Even Christians have not blushed to copy the example. Cardinal Ximenes, at the taking of Grenada, committed five thousand Alcorans to the flames. The Puritans with equal zeal destroyed images and paintings; waging an indiscriminate war with the arts, and pursuing their sanctimonious depredations, with as little regard to learning as to popery. Cromwell was mad enough to set fire, at Oxford, to the most curious library in Europe: and the mob, in the riots of 1780, demolished the house, and consumed the manuscripts of the venerable Earl of Mansfield.

291. The family of Medici was distinguished, in the space of a century, by three eminent names; whose virtues having procured them the esteem of the learned, they returned the favour, by cultivating the Muses with singular benevolence; confirming, says Tristram, the maxim,

Carmen amat quisquis carmine digna gerit;

he is ever a friend to the poets, whose actions are worthy of being transmitted to posterity.

Cosmo, the first of the family whom we have occasion to mention, was declared, by a public decree, the father of his country. Anxious for the instruction of the youth of Italy, he invited from every country, whoever was skilled in the Greek and Latin tongues. He liberally rewarded the learned for their publications; and largely contributed to the restoration of the arts. After long and ably presiding over the public affairs, he died at Florence, loaded with years and glory, and consecrated to immortality by the literati, to whom he had been so munificent a patron.

Cosmo was succeeded by his grandson Laurentio, another ornament of the name, and, by his patronage of letters, a sharer in the glory of his ancestor. He not only rewarded the learned with his usual munificence; but that they might be supplied with the best works of the ancients, he sent into Greece, to procure manuscripts at any price; exerting every effort, and sparing no expence, in collecting the best books from every part of the world. In the midst of his labours for the advancement of science,

he was suddenly snatched from the world, to the loss as well of posterity as of his own times, in 1492.

On his decease, the republic of letters received another acquisition in his son John de Medicis, who in 1513, was advanced to the triple crown, under the name of Leo the Tenth. He did not disdain, in his elevation, the society of the Muses. With him the Augustan age was restored, and poetry and the arts, under this liberal and accomplished pontiff, eminently flourished. He invited from all parts the most able professors of the respective sciences, and instituted an academy at Rome. Every one who had the least pretensions to the character of a poet, or was skilled in the liberal arts found a favourable reception with Leo. None, whether citizen or stranger, who was conspicuous for his talents, escaped the vigilant munificence of this universal patron; a name, which the lovers of learning will never mention, but with gratitude and admiration. See Trifram in loc.

Leo's liberality was dashed with a mixture of humour. A conceited versifier, called Camillo Querno, travelled from Apulia to Rome, with a harp in his hand, to which he sung twenty thousand verses of a poem entitled Alexias. He was introduced to Leo as a buffoon. The Pope presented him to the honour of the laurel; and the court carried the jest so far as to cause him to ride to the Capitol on an elephant, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation.—Poor Querno was so transported, that he wept for joy. From that time, he constantly attended the Pope's table, drank like a fish, and poured forth verses without mercy.

To these may be added from the same family Clement the Seventh, and Catharine of Medicis, Queen of France; to the latter of whom that kingdom is indebted for the famous gallery of painting in the palace of Luxembourg in Paris.

The chief of those who were employed in the recovery of ancient MSS. were the two Lascaris, Andrew John, and Constantine, who travelled for that purpose to Constantinople. The former was twice employed in embassies and other public affairs; and both of them taught Greek and Rhetoric at Rome, Naples, and Milan. Constantine was interred in Messina, at the public expence, and a marble monument erected by the senate to his memory. They lived in the fifteenth century.

303. The learned reader need not be informed, though for the sake of others it may be proper to mention, that Etruria is the ancient name of Tuscany; that Inachian, Argolic, and Argive are applied to any thing that belongs to Greece; as Ausonian and Latian are frequently put for any person or thing that relates to Italy.

362. This is a subject that has been much agitated; and on which it is not easy to lay down rules which shall be implicitly and universally followed. A man of humanity will never stoop to severity, but where he judges it absolutely indispensable. A boy naturally dull cannot help it, and ought certainly not to be punished for a defect of nature. On the other hand, he who is able to learn, but does not chuse to take the trouble, must be obliged to do it. That extreme inattention, that unaccountable giddiness so common to boys, and which, if not corrected, were

as fatal as the most confirmed stupidity, must of necessity be subdued; and the most effectual measures should be adopted for this purpose. But flogging, as it is used in many places, particularly in some of the great schools, where the delinquent is stripped and disgraced in a manner shocking to humanity, is so absurd a relic of barbarity, so vile and indecent a custom, that the toleration of it in a civilized country, and at this time of the day, is little less than infamous.

Dr Johnson is said, however, to have assigned the severity of one of his masters, as a principal reason of his early maturity in classical knowledge. The character of Dr Busby is well known; who was as remarkable for his rigid discipline, as for the proficiency of his scholars: but perhaps his other regulations were still more efficacious than the *argumentum baculinum*. The illustrious author already mentioned, is of opinion, that Milton suffered corporal chastisement at Cambridge. If this be true, what a reflection upon the manners of our ancestors!

It is observed more than once, by Plutarch on education, that boys are to be allured to the study and acquisition of the polite arts by reason and persuasion, and not to be driven into it by stripes and reproaches; for, says he, δοκει γαρ πρὸς τὰς ἀγαθὰς τέχαις οὐδὲν ἢ τοῖς ἐλευθεροῖς περιτελεῖν, such treatment seems to be calculated rather for slaves than freemen. This advice is certainly excellent, so far as it is practicable. But after all, it will only amount to this; that those who can be taught without severity, must be treated with mildness; but that those who cannot, and are yet capable of learning, *must be taught by some means or other.*

394. The * Po, a river of Italy, has it's source at Mount Vifo, in Piedmont; runs through Piedmont, Montferrat, the Milanefe, and the dutchy of Mantua. From thence it wafhes the borders of the Parmefan, and part of the Modenefe; and having entered the Ferrarefe, begins to divide at Ficheruolo, and difcharges itfelf by four principal mouths into the gulph of Venice. Being increafed in it's paffage to the fea by the addition of feveral rivers, and by the melting of the fnow from the Alps, it becomes extremely rapid, and often does great mischief to the country through which it paffes. Virgil calls it *fluviorum rex Eridanus*, Po, the king of rivers; and describes it more at large in thofe well known lines.

*Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.*

Vida in his *Christiad*, gives a fimilar, though a more accurate and extenfive view of this famous river. Like Virgil, he retains the idea of it's colour; which, inftead of the more pleasing epithet *auratus*, he calls *turbidus*; of it's double fream, where it joins the ocean, which he expreffes by *haud uno cornu*; and of it's impetuofity, intimated in the word *rumpat*. But though, like his mafter, he compares the double fream to two horns, he does not carry the figure fo far as he had done, in the epithet bull-faced; *taurino vultu*. But he adds the place whence it has it's rife, the feantinefs of it's origin, it's fubfequent accumulation by a variety of freams, and it's frequent overflowing it's banks.

* *The Po is the common receptacle for moft of the rivers in Italy.*

Pinifero Vesuli de vertice primum

It Padus, exiguo fulcans fata pingua rivo :

Hinc magis atque magis labendo viribus auctus

Surgit, latifluoque sonans se gurgite pandit

Victor : opes amnes alii auxiliariis undis

Hinc addunt, atque inde ; suo nec se capit alveo

Turbidus, haud uno dum rumpat in æquora cornu.

This description is beautiful ; and in the true spirit of poetry. It is certainly imitation ; but it is the imitation of a master. But does Virgil mean by *gemina cornua*, that, in his time, the Po discharged itself into the ocean by only two mouths ? If so, it is materially altered since.

395. Serius or Serchio, a river of Italy, rises in the Apennines, in the dutchy of Modena ; crosses the valley of Carfagnana, in the territory of Lucca, and falls into the Tuscan sea, five miles from the mouth of the Arno.

401. Linus was a native of Colchis, and one of the most ancient poets and musicians of Greece.—The history of the age in which he lived, which Archbishop Usher fixes at 1280 years before Christ, is much involved in fable. It is not certain whether he was the teacher or the pupil of Orpheus. Some assert that they were brothers. Diodorus Siculus informs us, on the authority of the historian Dionysius of Mitylene, that Linus was the first among the Greeks, who invented verses and music, as Cadmus was the inventor of letters. He is said to have added the string *lichanos* to the Mercurian lyre, and to have exchanged the former strings which were of leather or flax, for catgut. Among his

scholars was Hercules; of whom it is said by Apollodorus and Diodorus Siculus, that his dullness and obstinacy provoked Linus to strike him; which so exasperated Hercules, that seizing his master's lyre, he beat out his brains with it: *υπο Ηρακλεις τῇ κιθάρᾳ πληγῆς ἀπέθανε· ἐπιπληξάντα γὰρ αὐτὸν οργισθεὶς ἀπέκτεινε.*

Poets and musicians have been frequently distinguished by irritability of temper.—The *genus irritabile vatum*, the irritable race of bards, has been long proverbial. Musicians have contrived not to be left behind in this contest; and Linus was particularly unfortunate in having in Hercules a pupil as irascible as himself. An ancient player on the flute, observing that one of his scholars seemed to have no other object than to play loud, fell into such a passion that he struck him, saying, *οὐκ ἐν τῷ μεγάλῳ το ἐν κειμένον εἶναι, ἀλλ' ἐν τῷ ἐν, ἴο μέγα!* that excellence did not depend upon loudness, but that loudness should be subservient to excellence. The celebrated Giardini sometimes fell, in his youth, into a similar error, and once met with a similar reward. Playing one night at the opera at Naples, the composer Jomelli came into the orchestra, and sat down by him. Giardini, who had a mind to give his master a specimen of his execution, gave a loose to his fingers and his fancy; and Jomelli, that such inimitable talents might not lose their reward, gave him a violent slap in the face. The irascibility of Handel is well known.

To these instances we add another. A modern Timotheus, having gone into the North of England, to conduct the band at an oratorio, observing one of the principal performers a little out of time, took his fiddlestick, and with infinite gravity and precision, began to beat time upon his head!

One more anecdote, which if it does not shew the irritability, is at least sufficiently expressive of the haughtiness of one of the profession, is so shockingly profane, that I am almost afraid to relate it. But it may perhaps operate as a caution, and induce professional men to watch the door of their lips, and to take care lest pride and indignation hurry them into blasphemy.

A Frenchman named Defaubre, was resident, some years ago, in Manchester. At a musical meeting, in which Pinto was engaged to play the first violin, it had been expected that Defaubre, who was a very good performer, would have played the second. As this was not the case, a gentleman, meeting him after the concert, expressed his surprise, and asked why he had not taken the second fiddle. Defaubre, with great indignation exclaimed, "Me play de second fiddle to Monsieur Pinto! Me would not play de second fiddle to God Almighty!!!" Is there not something of the national character in this speech? Such a sentiment would scarcely have found it's way, under any provocation, to the mind of an Englishman. Much less would he have suffered it to escape his lips!

406. It is observed by Viperanus, that the pupil should consider the instructions of his teacher as sacred and infallible as the oracle of Apollo, and imitate the Pythagoreans, who considered their master's word as equal to absolute proof; because, if this is not the case, he will be involved in continual doubt and uncertainty.

455. Tybur, now Tivoli, is a city of Campania, in the Pope's territory, near one of the falls of the Tevereone, sixteen miles East from Rome,

456. Tusculum, now *Frescati*, is also a city of Campania, twelve miles East from Rome; remarkable for its magnificent palaces and gardens. But here the poet seems to intend a place in the neighbourhood, situated on the top of a mountain, where some suppose the antient Tusculum to have stood. To this the poet's expression, "*ventos perferre nivales*," is more applicable. In this neighbourhood was a country seat of the orator Cicero, where he composed some of his most philosophical works, thence called "*Tusculan questions*." It is now a monastery named the *Grotto di Maria Ferrata*.

472. Emulation, notwithstanding the censures which over scrupulous and fanatical moralists have cast upon it, is of singular use in the progress of education. It is the chief advantage of a great school; and it has been often remarked, that the best dispositions are most eager to excel their competitors, and most afraid of being left behind. Quintilian informs us, that he was best pleased with those boys, who were roused by commendation, had a quick sense of honour, and were deeply affected by disgrace. *Mihi ille detur puer, quem laus excitat, quem gloria juvat, qui victus fleat.* That this is a good sign, we have an additional confirmation in the judgment of Cicero. *Optimus quisque maxime gloria ducitur.* Above all, experience says that it is so.

We may add, that emulation is not envy. The one is a malignant; the other a generous passion. The one would rob another of his excellencies and advantages. The other has no object but to equal, and if possible, exceed him in those things, which all acknowledge to be worthy of competition. It is therefore proper, as Vida hints, (verse 420) that the spirit of emulation should

be kept up, by proposing prizes as the reward of excellence, and by marking those who distinguish themselves with a decided preference. *Alit emulatio ingenia.*

492. Quintilian's observations on this subject are remarkable. He says, "prematurity of genius is scarcely ever productive of good fruit. They who are distinguished by it are a sort of prodigies, who easily arrive at a certain degree of knowledge, and being carried forward by a natural boldness, discover, without ceremony, the extent of their abilities. What they produce is not any thing extraordinary, but they do it earlier than usual. They are like seeds scattered near the surface, which presently spring up; or like handfuls of corn in particular situations, which ripen before the harvest. We admire their progress, when we compare it with their years; but in a little time they stand stock still, and admiration gradually subsides."

There is certainly much good sense in these reflections; and analogy, if such a mode of reasoning may be allowed us, seems to confirm them. When nature would produce any thing extraordinary, she is more tardy than usual in her operations. The elephant is longer in gestation than other animals. The British oak is not only slower in its growth than other trees; but it grows more slowly than even the oak of other countries; and it is more valuable and durable in proportion. Why should not this be the case with the human mind? It is natural to suppose that it is so; and experience generally confirms the supposition. Accurate observers say with Quintilian, that those who are re-

markable for very early genius and a premature promise of the greatest things, frequently disappoint the public expectation.

Some exceptions must be allowed. Milton was both an early and a consummate genius. So was Paschal. But in most instances, abilities which discover themselves much sooner than usual, do not arrive at a proportionate increase. It is said of an elegant writer, (I think Politian) that some Greek verses, which he produced at about fifteen or sixteen, were superior to any he composed at a later period.

It is, upon the whole, no good sign, when the mind outstrips the body; and it has frequently been remarked, that youths of premature genius have seldom been indulged with long life. Of this, Barretier, Henderson, and many others are melancholy examples.

505 & 420. Obvious as it is, that boys require relaxation and diversions suited to their age, there are some who are of a different opinion; who allow no vacations, and consider all play as dangerous to their morals. But such reasoners are unworthy of an answer. They leave nature behind them, and instead of following her dictates, exert all their efforts to control them. What is this but to say that they are dissatisfied with the works of God, who has implanted a love of sport and violent exercise in all young creatures, and would alter for the better what he has left imperfect? When writers lay down principles so strangely contrary to reason and nature, it is to be suspected that they are either egregious fanatics, or that they chuse to erect a character on the basis of singularity. *Incredulus odi!*

Tristram, in his note on this passage, has with great judgment selected some reflections of Plutarch on education, which are written in an admirable strain of reasoning, and, though analogically conducted, are unanswerably argumentative and just. He observes, that it is with young people as with plants, which are nourished by moderate showers, but by excessive moisture infallibly destroyed; that nature herself teaches that they should sometimes be indulged with relaxation from study, since life is divided between labour and rest; so that watching and slumber, war and peace, storms and fair weather mutually succeed each other. In a word, rest is the solace and support of labour.

This is well illustrated by our poet, in the comparison taken from lands, which are sometimes suffered to lie fallow. V. 520.

514. Albunea, now Albuna, was a grove sacred to the Muses, not far from a spring of the same name, in the neighbourhood of Tivoli. It is mentioned by Horace with great distinction.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

Lib. I. Od. 7.

Not fair Larissa's fruitful shore,
Nor Lacedæmon charms me more,
Than high Albunea's airy walls
Resounding with her water-falls,

And Tivoli's delightful shades,
 And Anio rolling in cascades,
 That through the flow'ry meadows glides,
 And all the beauteous scene divides.

ADDISON.

515. Anio or Anien, now Teverone, a river of Italy, which has it's origin in the mountains of Umbria, intersects the country not far from Tivoli, and throwing itself from a considerable height into the valley below, forms a most magnificent cascade. It falls at length into the Tyber. The epithet *limpid*, which I have given it, though not without some exception applicable to this river, is however adopted by my author;

vitreas Anienis ad undas;

and by Silius Italicus in his *Silvæ*;

Ac gelidis Anio trepidabat *carulis* undis.

The Teverone, like most of the rivers of Italy, is, in some parts of it, too rapid and impetuous to be perfectly clear. Statius calls it Anien, and particularly notices the rocks among which it flows, and it's amazing impetuosity and foam. But after a most noisy and turbulent course of several miles over rocks and mountains, in which it's stream is frequently broken by a number of cascades, it descends into a valley, where, says Addison, "it recovers it's temper, as it were by little and little, and after many turns and windings, falls peaceably into the Tyber."

Ipse Aniens (miranda fides) intraq: superque
 Saxeus, hic tumidam rabiem, spumofaque ponit,
 Murmura —————

Stat. Silv. 1. 3.

So Silius Italicus.

Sulphureis gelidus qua serpit leniter undis,
 Ad genitorem Anio labens sine murmure Tibrim.

Here the loud Anio's boist'rous clamours cease,
 That with submissive murmurs glides in peace
 To his old fire the Tyber. —————

The Anio divided the antient Latium from the territory of
 the Sabines.

I cannot dismiss this subject without taking notice of a well
 known criticism on that passage in Cato,

‘ So the pure limpid stream, when foul’d with stains,’

which Bolingbroke has commended, in a letter to Pope, but
 which I think a very ridiculous one. This nobleman is of opi-
 nion, that Addison's expression must have been faulty, because a
 stream cannot be pure and limpid, and yet foul with stains. But
 before he is proved guilty of a *bull*, it must be shewn that
 he has made his rivulet at one and the same time limpid and yet
 foul; and it must be farther demonstrated, that a limpid stream
 cannot be made foul. But the truth is, that a stream may be
 pure in general, and yet foul in particular parts. Above all,
 what utterly destroys the force of this criticism is, that a river, as

well as every thing in nature, is to be denominated, not from an accident, but from it's general and prevailing qualities: consequently, Addison's stream, being generally pure and limpid, was properly distinguished by those epithets, notwithstanding the incidental circumstance of being sometimes fouled by torrents from the hills.

Our author had, no doubt, heard of the criticism in question; and as he never condescended to alter the passage, it is a sufficient proof that he despised it as it deserved. For a boy of fourteen, with all the petulance of that age about him, and with parts more sprightly than solid, it was, as Bolingbroke observes, 'well enough;' or rather, it was pardonable: but when his Lordship deigned to adopt it, he *drew a bow at a venture*, and criticised as if determined to bring his judgment into contempt.

But Bolingbroke had *no heart*;—and I have been the more particular in this note, because I suspect him to have been prejudiced against Addison as a Christian and a man of virtue; and to have criticised with all the rancour of infidelity on his mind. He speaks of his poetry in general with a contempt it cannot deserve; and I beg leave to say, that the only verses of Lord Bolingbroke that I have seen, are far inferior to the worst that ever fell, in his most unpoetical moments, from the pen of Addison.—Voltaire, another critic of the same school, says of Addison, that 'the gulph between taste and genius, is immense.' But he who has read the essays on the pleasures of imagination, and denies him genius, either contradicts his judgment, or must be utterly ignorant in what genius consists.

524. It is certainly no unimportant part of the office of a teacher, to discover the bent of his pupil's genius. As the wants of society could never suffer that all should be engaged in the same pursuits, nature has made a proper provision in this case, by instituting a wonderful diversity of genius and talents.

To this purpose Tristram has selected several observations from Quintilian, and from Viperanus, de Ratione Docendi. From some expressions of the latter, one would suppose him an adept in judicial astrology. "Genius, says he, is not the same in all; nor are all equally competent in the same arts, since every man is not intended by nature for the profession of each. All have not the same constitution of body; nor *are born under the same aspect of the heavens, and configuration of the stars*. Thus, there is an acumen in some, which inclines them to logical disquisition; some are remarkable for memory, which is peculiarly requisite in the study of the law; while others are distinguished by vigour and accuracy of judgment, which are of essential service in philosophical pursuits.

562. This remark is agreeable to the advice of Quintilian, who would have all amorous compositions concealed from the eye of youth. What would he have said, had he lived in this century, and seen what strange pieces are produced by modern novelists, for the instruction of the rising generation? But I mean not to condemn novels without distinction. Some of them, particularly those of Richardson, Brooke, and Moore, have the best tendency; and are indeed, virtue "teaching by examples."

612 to 619. Nothing can be more contemptible than the presumption of those quacks in literature, who, because they have succeeded in some instances, conceive themselves excellent in every thing. Because a man has been fortunate in controversy, or has some knowledge of divinity, must he therefore be a great philosopher, a judicious historian, a physician, a naturalist, and a politician? How few know the limits of their own powers!

It is certain, however, that he who would excel in poetry, should acquire a fund of general knowledge and observation. Plutarch says, Διόν παιδά τον ελευθερον μηδε των αλλων των καλλυμενων εγκυκλιων παιδευματων μηδε ανηκουσεν, μηδε αδιαστον εαν ειναι. A liberal and well educated youth ought to have some acquaintance with the whole circle of science: but he adds, Αλλα ταυτα μιν εκ περιδρομης μαθειν, ωσπεραναι γυμνασιος ειναι, εν απασι γαρ το τελειον αδυνατον, but this cursorily, and as it were, by way of a taste; for perfection in every thing is impossible. So that, in his judgment, some things are to be known accurately and completely; while in others a general view is sufficient. In the former, the poet studies for matter; in the latter, for ornament or illustration. Nullam poeta scientiam aspernabitur, says Vossius; quarundam tamen gustus suffecerit, saltem in iis partibus, unde ornatus aliquid accedere poemati possit. The poet will think no science beneath his notice. Of some, however, a taste will be sufficient, at least in those parts which are admitted into poetry merely for the embellishments which they afford.

626. The wanderings of Ulysses are the chief subject of the *Odyssæ* of Homer, who is generally considered not only as the

first of epic poets, but the greatest. Some, however, give the preference to Virgil, and some to Milton. Perhaps Johnson is not far from the truth, when he says, that "Milton's work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first." But in works of genius, where excellence is nearly equal, antiquity will demand the preference. Every poet of eminence has imitated Homer. Some have done it with servility. Hence Ælian tells us that a painter named Agathon drew a picture of Homer vomiting, and the other poets licking it up.

It is a distinguished excellence of this venerable bard, that his Muse is as remarkable for purity of sentiment, as for loftiness of conception, or just and elegant diction. It has been observed by one of his commentators, that all his poetry is one continued eulogium of virtue: and Horace says, that he has done more in favour of morality than all the philosophers.

— quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,

Plenius ac melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.

Lib. I. Epif. 2.

696. Alcides is a name frequently given to Hercules by the poets, and probably derived from the Greek *αλκη*, an oak, metaphorically put for strength and vigour. Ancient authors enumerate many of this name. But the most celebrated is the Theban Hercules, said, in fabulous history, to be the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, wife to Amphytrion king of Argos; whom, to preserve his consistency, *tonantem fornicantemque Jovem*, he corrupted in the absence of her husband.

The labours of Hercules are well known; the first of which was to vanquish a lion of immense size, that frequented Nemea, a wood of Achaia. He is therefore generally represented by painters and sculptors as leaning on an immense club, and covered with the skin of this formidable animal. After his death he was ranked among the gods, and admitted to divine honours.

714. None can hope to write well, who does not suit his subject to his capacity. It is therefore proper that the future author should try his first essays on themes of no great moment or extent. "We should not, says Pontanus, suddenly undertake Iliads and the wars of the giants, subjects which are difficult and extensive; for what would this be, but to soar, like Icarus, on waxen wings? Let us rather first treat of trivial or even ludicrous themes, celebrating, with Virgil a gnat, an ant, or a spider; singing, like Homer, the battles of the frogs and mice; or sporting, like Æsop, in fable." Pontan. Poet. Instit. Lib. I. c. 11.

722. Arachne is the poetical name for a spider; taken from Arachne, a virgin of Lydia, celebrated for her skill in the labours of the loom; who contending with Minerva, was by her metamorphosed into a spider. See Ovid. 6. Met.

In latere exiles digiti pro cruribus hærent,
Cætera venter habet: de quo tamen illa remittit
Stamen; and antiquas exercet aranea telas.

Pliny says that Arachne first discovered the use of flax, and was the inventor of nets.

763. Pan and Faunus: the Latin and Greek names of the same deity, who was the god of shepherds, and the inventor of the pipe. He is described as having horns on his head, his lower parts like those of a goat. The word is often used in the plural, The Fauni were the gods of fields and woods. Propertius calls them *capripedes Panes*, the goat-footed Fauns.

770. Retirement is certainly favourable to contemplation; and rural scenes and the face of unadulterated nature have in all ages furnished the poets with matter of description and eulogium. Horace asks a friend how he could suppose that he should write amidst the cares and labours of the city; and sets it down for a rule,

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes;

that the whole tribe of authors shuns the town, and delights in the country. Modern poets and writers of all descriptions seem, if we may judge from their conduct, whatever they may pretend in their writings, to be of a different opinion: for in this island most of them reside in London, or some other principal town. Of this number was the learned Johnson; and it must be confessed that he gave a good reason for it. The society to be found there, and the literary advantages with which it abounds must have been powerful recommendations to so inquisitive a mind.

806. Prometheus, son of Japetus and Clymene, and father of Deucalion. He was feigned by the poets to have made men originally of clay, and to have implanted within them the qualities of different animals; the timorousness of the hare, the pride

of the peacock, the craftiness of the fox, the fierceness of the tyger, and the fury and magnanimity of the lion.

Fertur Prometheus addere principi
Limo coactus particulam undique
Defectam, et infani leonis
Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.

When bold Prometheus first began,
As story goes, to form a man,
From ev'ry thing he snatch'd a part,
To furnish out his clay,
And to complete his rude essay,
And plac'd the lion's fury in his heart.

HOR.

Being admitted by the favour of Minerva into heaven, where he saw every thing animated by ethereal fire, he lighted at the sun a stick which he had brought with him, and animated by this means his man of clay. Jupiter enraged at the theft, gave Pandora a box to be delivered to him; which when Prometheus had opened, an infinite number of diseases and calamities rushed forth.

Post ignem æthereæ domo
Subductum, macies & nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors.—

HOR.

Others say that suspecting the fraud, he rejected the present of Jupiter, and was therefore chained and extended on his back in a cave at Mount Caucasus, where a vulture perpetually preyed on

his liver. This story, which, like most that are to be found in fabulous history, seems to be fiction grounded upon fact, is particularly related in the Argonauts of Apollonius, and the Theogony of Hesiod.

Were we to trace the history of Prometheus through all the labyrinth of antiquity, the task were endless. Some say that he was punished, not for the fire he had stolen, but for his presumptuous love of Minerva; and that he was delivered from his torments by Hercules. The poet Menander will have it, that this punishment was inflicted, because he was the author and inventor of *that terrible evil, woman*; and that her name was Pandora.—Perhaps this was said in a fit of jealousy; for he was passionately fond of women.

The truth seems to be, that Prometheus was a man of a philosophical genius; so superior to the rest of mankind, that they knew not what to make of him; so they covered him all over with fable. Some think he invented the art of working metals.

818 to 829. Of the ancient oracles much has been said by poets and fabulous historians. In my opinion, the ambiguity of their responses is a sufficient proof that though they were more artful, they were little wiser than those who consulted them. The estimation in which they were held had perhaps no better foundation, than the ignorance and superstition of the times in which they flourished.

836. The poet naturally concludes the first book, which is a sort of introduction to the poem, with the praise of poetry and

an account of it's divine origin. The ancients carried this idea to great lengths, and supposed poets to write, as the oracular priestesses are said to have delivered their reponses, under a divine influence. A favourite error, which the bards were not eager to discountenance. Plato has several remarkable passages in his writings, which shew that this was the opinion of Socrates, who supposed that in composition the senses of poets were frequently suspended, and that the gods made use of them as ministers and interpreters. δια ταυτα ὁ θεος, ἐξαιρῶμενος τούτων νοῦν, τούτοις χρηταὶ ὑπηρέταις καὶ τοῖς χρησμοῦδοις καὶ τοῖς μαντεῖσι τοῖς θεοῖς· ἵνα ἡμεῖς οἱ ἀκροῦντες εἰδῶμεν, οἳ γὰρ οὐτοὶ εἰσὶν οἱ ταυτα λεγόντες οὐκ πολλὰ ἀξία, οἷς νῦν μὴ παρῆσιν, ἀλλ' ὁ θεὸς αὐτὸς ἐστὶν ὁ λεγών, δια ταυτ' ἐν φθονῇ πρὸς ἡμᾶς. Plat. in Ion. See also Apol. Socrat.

It is from this view of things, that Socrates tells us he sought in vain among the poets for the wisest of men; for he found them frequently to utter what they did not understand.

845. The story of Orpheus has been so often mentioned by the poets, that it needs little illustration. Virgil has related it in a beautiful episode in the fourth Georgic, in the latter end of which, the simile of the nightingale is perhaps the sweetest and most pathetic that ever was composed.

Septem illum totos perhibent ex ordine menses

Rupe sub aëria, deserti ad Strymonis undam

Flevisse, et gelidis hæc evoluisse sub antris,

Mulcentem tigres, & agentem carmine quercus.

Qualis populea mærens Philomela sub umbras

Amifſos queritur fætus, quos durus arator
 Obſervans nido implumes detraxit ; at illa
 Flet noctem, ramoq: ſedens miſerabile carmen
 Integrat, et mæſtis late loca queſtibus implet.

For ſeven continued months, if fame ſay true,
 The wretched ſwain his ſorrows did renew ;
 By Strymon's freezing ſtreams he ſat alone,
 The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan :
 Trees bent their heads to hear him ſing his wrongs,
 Fierce tygers crouch'd around, and loll'd their ſawning tongues,
 So, cloſe in poplar ſhades, her children gone,
 The mother nightingale laments alone :
 Whoſe neſt ſome prying churl had found, and thence,
 By ſtealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
 But ſhe ſupplies the night with mournful ſtrains,
 And melancholy muſic fills the plains.

DRYDEN.

856-7. Cerberus, the three-headed dog of hell. Erynnæ, one of the Furies. See an alluſion to theſe in Pope's Ode on St Cecilia's day.

NOTES ON THE POETICS.

B O O K II.

1. **T**HE poet, about to enter on a difficult and important part of his work, and to instruct his pupil in the disposition of his matter, takes occasion to put in practice his own rule v. 35. Pontan. Poet. Inst. l. 2. c. 3.

31. It is the poet's first care to fix the reader's attention; which the rhetoricians inform us, is best accomplished by briefly entering on a general exposition of the subject, and pointing out what it is that we intend to treat. The proposition of a poem should be equally simple and concise, touching in few words upon the principal things to be discussed. For the reader, when once acquainted with the scope and business of the work, looks anxiously forward to the relation. Viperan. de Poet. l. 2. c. 5.

35. This rule is taken from the example of Homer, who, in each of his poems, has interwoven the invocation with the proposition. Virgil, on the contrary, separates the one from the other, first proposing his subject, and then invoking the Muse. Hence we may conclude, that he considered it of little consequence, whether they were united or distinct. Tristram.

There is a natural persuasion in the minds of men, that nothing arduous and extraordinary can be accomplished but by the divine influence: for this reason, all who have any pretensions

to religion resort, in all difficult undertakings, to such interposition. By this means, the poet secures the confidence and benevolence of the reader, fixes his attention, and gives a favourable impression of himself, as a man under a divine inspiration. Pontan. l. 2. c. 4.

It is usual with the poets to invoke the deities who preside over the things of which they treat, as Lucretius, Ovid, and Virgil. But the latter and Homer have shewn by their example, that the invocation of the Muses is most suitable to the epic.

The time of invocation is as often as the poet enters on any thing new, like Virgil when beginning the second part of his narrative, *Æn.* 7—when things are introduced that exceed belief, as the metamorphosis of the Trojan fleet into nymphs, *Æn.* 9—and as often as things of a mysterious nature are explained; of which sort are the scenes to which *Æneas* was introduced on his descent to the infernal regions, *Æn.* 6—These are the chief, but not the only occasions for invocation, as may be seen in different parts of the *Iliad*, the *Odyssæy*, and the *Æneid*. Tristram.

45 to 56. The propriety of this rule is obvious. Nothing can be more invidious and disgusting than a pompous, bloated exordium. Horace has noticed with singular severity and contempt an instance of this kind, and marked it as a beacon;

Nec sic incipies ut scriptor cyclicus olim,
Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum;

demanding with indignation, what this mighty promiser will produce :

Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

The mountain labours, and a mouse is born.

Boffu, on epic poetry, censures Claudian's introduction to his *Rape of Proserpine*, as well as those of Statius and Lucan as turgid and bombastic. Whence, says he, it is worthy of observation, that poets who enter on their subjects with such ostentation, are rather puffed up with a false conceit of imaginary, than depend on the consciousness of real talents; and making the most magnificent promises, generally prove them fallacious.

A judicious writer will begin modestly, and kindle-as he goes; imitating Homer, who, as Horace observes, does not degenerate from fire to smoke, but from doubtful and obscure glimmerings, gradually increases till he gains like the sun his meridian splendour.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat;
Antiphaten, Scyllamque et cum Cyclope Charybdim.

Hor. Art. Poet.

61. There is scarcely any thing in the proposition to the *Odyssey* concerning the return of Ulysses, which might not equally suit the exordium of a poem on the return of Diomed. The author of the *Æneid* follows the example, and conceals the name of his hero.

Arma virumque cano. ———

The rule to which this note refers has respect only to the introduction, in which the poet ought to mention no name, but to speak of his hero in general terms. But as Homer in the *Iliad* has observed a contrary method, adding to his hero's name the patronymic *Pelides*, whoever shall think proper to deviate from the rule, may justify himself on the authority of this prince of poets. Bossu on *Ep. Poet.* l. 3. c. 3.

85. It is particularly to be provided that things new and various shall be brought forward, and the seeds of future scenes scattered in the present; by which the mind of the reader will be engaged and suspended, and he will hasten with the more eagerness to the sequel. Voss, *Inst. Poet.* lib. 3. c. 5.

95. One of the chief excellencies of composition is the artful distribution of a subject, whether narrative or didactic. It is especially so in poetry, which delights in a mode of arrangement as well as of expression peculiar to itself, and as remote as possible from prose,

Ordinis hæc virtus erit & venus, aut ego fallor,

Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici

Pleraq; differat, et præsens in tempus omittat.

95. Some think that epic writers date their poems from the middle or the latter end of the narrative, that they may differ as much as possible from historians, who deduce their relations of events from their source and origin, observing only their regular succession, and the order of time in which they happened: whereas the poet pays attention not only to the things that are

done, but to the character and situation of the actors, whether real or fictitious.

It is to be observed, however, that he shall not begin rashly and at random, but shall enter upon his work with something of importance, and strictly connected with the main subject.

111. In this view Aristotle commends Homer, who by not undertaking to give a succinct history of the Trojan war, and selecting only such a part of it as best suited his purpose, accomplished his design much better than he would otherwise have done, and avoided infinite tediousness and confusion. By this means he gave himself an opportunity to embellish and diversify his poem by the catalogue of the ships, and a variety of agreeable and instructive episodes. His skill in this instance Aristotle considers as something more than human, *ὑπερῷον ἢ φανερὸν ὄντας*—Arist. Poet. c. 24.

113. The judgment of Paris, when in the contest of beauty between Juno, Minerva, and Venus, he decided for the latter, is feigned by the poets to have been the occasion of the Trojan war: for Venus favouring Paris in his designs upon Helen, wife of Menelaus king of Sparta, the rape of that princess produced the confederacy of the kings of Greece.—This story has given occasion to the famous prophecy of Nereus,

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus,

Hor. l. 1. od. 15.

which I think is the most finished example of indignant conciseness and animation in the whole compass of poetry.

119. The rage of Achilles against Agamemnon, general of the Greeks, who had robbed him of the beautiful Briseis, is the chief subject of the Iliad. Peleus was the father of Achilles; hence the latter, according to a frequent custom of Homer, is often distinguished by the patronymic *Pelides*.

125. Simois and Xanthus. Simois; a river which flowing from Mount Ida through the plain of Troy, joins the Xanthus in its passage to the sea, and falls with it into the Hellespont, near the promontory of Sigæum.

Xanthus or Scamander, a river of Asia, which flows into the Hellespont; called by Hesiod, *Θιον Σκαμανδρον*, the divine Scamander. It was formerly called Xanthus, alluding to its colour, which was yellow. Homer, intimating its change of name, ascribes, according to his usual mode, the more ancient appellation to the gods, the modern to men.

Οι Χανθον καλλισσι θεοι, ανδρες δε Σκαμανδρον.

With gods 'tis Xanthus, but by men Scamander nam'd.

The plain through which these rivers flowed, was the general scene of action between the two armies.

128. Aulis; a port of Greece, where the kings having assembled, took an oath never to desist from the war, till Helen should be restored, and the dishonour done to Greece expiated by the destruction of Troy:

— οτ' ες Αυλιδα νηες Αχαιων

Ηγερειθαιτο, κακα Πριαμω κ' Τρωσι φερσται.

Iliad. 2. 303-4.

136. Ulysses sometimes called Ithacus, from Ithaca where he reigned, and sometimes Laertiades, from his father Laertes, is considered as one of the chief instruments in the destruction of Troy, from his superior policy and perseverance, and from his detection of Achilles, who was disguised as a woman at the court of Lycomedes, whence he brought him with him to the war.

141. The Ciconians were a people of Thrace, near the Hebrus. Ulysses on his return from Troy, being forced thither by contrary winds, defeated them, and plundered their city Iimara. Ovid relates wonderful things of a river in this country; which changed the bowels of those who drank it into stone.

Flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxea reddit
Viscera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus.

Met. 15.

In plain prose, the water of this river had a petrifying quality: — “in flumine Ciconum lignum dejectum lapideo cortice obducitur.” Plin. But the bowels of the people remained unpetrified, notwithstanding. I think there is a water in Montserrat, in the West Indies, which has a similar quality.

144. Calypso, a nymph; daughter of Oceanus and Thetis, whose residence was in Ogygia, sometimes called Calypsus, an island near the promontory Lacinium in the Ionic sea. Here she entertained Ulysses during seven, or as Ovid says, six years. See Odyss. l. 1.

146. Alcinous, a just and hospitable king of the Phœaciens, who entertained Ulysses on his return from Troy. The gardens

of Alcinous are frequently noticed by the ancients as uncommonly beautiful and productive.

———— illa jubebit

Poma dari, quorum solo pascaris odore,

Qualia perpetuus Phœacum autumnus habebat.

Juv. Sat. 5.

Alcinoi apologi, the fables of Alcinous were proverbial; probably from the prodigies related by Ulysses at the royal table among this innocent and credulous people.—I have seen it observed, but forget where, that Homer has shewn great art, in making the hero of the Odyssey relate his wonders to such a people, and so happily suit the subject to the audience.

Macrobius commends Homer for not beginning with the embarkation of Ulysses at Troy, but with his sailing from the island of Calypso, and his landing among the Phœacians. There the hero relates whatever had happened since he left Troy. By this means the order of historical narration is judiciously avoided.

151. Vida's expression is,

Ante tamen si gesta canant —————

Where by *ante gesta* he means those circumstances which give the first occasion to the events related in a poem, such as the origin of Juno's resentment against the Trojans; which was also the occasion of the war.

155. Much of the effect of poetry depends on keeping the mind in suspense, and fixing the attention, by continually pro-

ducing something new, and conducting the work to an unexpected issue.

159. See *Iliad*, l. 19.

161. For the escape of Ulysses from the Cyclop Polyphemus, see *Odyssey*, l. 9.

172. The single combat of Paris and Menelaus, see *Iliad*, l. 3.

179. See *Odyssey*, l. 21.

189. Here the poet has in view the conduct of Virgil in the *Æneid*, who by hints of what should happen in the sequel, by predictions of many toils and dangers by land and sea, in the rage of the elements and the shock of battle, with intimations of final prosperity, scatters up and down the seeds of futurity, and with infinite address captivates the attention.

200. Theron, a gigantic clown slain by *Æneas*, in the beginning of a battle. *Æneid* 10. v. 312.

203. Patroclus, mortally wounded by Hector, threatens the latter with a similar fate by the hand of Achilles. *Iliad* 16. 851.

207. One of the Furies under the figure of a bird of omen flew about the face and shield of Turnus, prophetic of his death in the single combat with *Æneas*. *Æneid* 12. 865.

215-16. When Virgil relates the death of Pallas by the hand of Turnus, he artfully hints at the catastrophe of the poem in the death of the latter, by observing that a time would come when he would wish he had never touched the spoils of the van-

quished youth.—In the last *Æneid*, Turnus being in the power of his adversary, the latter yields to his intreaties, and is inclined to spare him till he sees upon him the golden belt of his friend. Upon which he instantly puts him to death.—Compare the conclusion of the *Æneid* with those lines in the tenth, beginning,

Turno tempus erit —————

thus translated by Dryden;

The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
 Shall with untouch'd the trophies of the slain;
 Shall with the fatal belt was far away,
 And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

Such intimations, though not explicit and circumstantial, give the reader some idea of the event, and in the mean time greatly contribute to keep up the attention.

240 to 264. In these verses Vida censures Homer for the prolix and circumstantial accuracy of his descriptions. Perhaps the minuteness with which he describes the arms and chariots of his heroes, noticing the most trifling circumstance, will appear to most of his readers a defect in the conduct of the *Iliad*. But his admirers will defend him by saying, that such interruptions of the narrative afford an agreeable respite from the contemplation of scenes of horror and carnage; and that they help to lengthen and dilate what would otherwise have been related in few words. The same may be said of his anatomical accuracy in describing the effects of the wounds received in battle.

With regard to Therfites, whose base and ignoble mind is described as being lodged in an equally ignoble body, critics will differ in opinion. Homer has been much censured on this account. But it is certain that most poets have imitated the example. Perhaps they have done so in conformity with a very natural prejudice; and therefore have generally agreed that amiable and heroic characters shall have beautiful and majestic persons, and on the contrary, that characters of a different complexion shall carry some intimation of their vices in their awkward and ungracious aspect. See Iliad 2. 212.

265. Virgil is here commended, who, when he has occasion to mention Drances, a character of no great note, says little of him by way of preface, but at once brings him forward as speaking in his own person. He describes him in similar terms with our poet.

Factionous and rich, bold at the council board,
But cautious in the field, he shun'd the sword;
A close caballer and tongue valiant lord.

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See Æneid 11. 336.

373. Episodes unseasonably introduced are so far from embellishing a poem, that they blemish and disgrace it; of which sort particularly are far fetched, abstruse disquisitions, a fault frequently to be reprehended in Lucan. These, though in their proper place excellent and worthy of admiration, are on other occasions, like the *purpureus pannus* of Horace, justly regarded with contempt.

284. The poet's censure of the impertinent introduction of such subjects in poetical composition, may remind us to what lengths some writers go in dogmatical assertion on some of the most intricate subjects in that abstrusest and most uncertain of all sciences, metaphysics.

When a late eminent physician was before the examiners, previous to his being admitted to his degree, as he was reputed an adept in metaphysics, the professor had the curiosity to ask him, *Domine Candidate, ubi sedes anime?* The answer was, *nescio*. To which it was replied with equal propriety and conciseness, *nec ego*; and I suspect it was as good an answer as has been yet given.

Perhaps in most instances we are as ignorant with respect to the human soul as we are with regard to that of the brutes. The Doctors of the Sorbonne have not yet determined whether it be seated in the pineal gland, or, as an old man in Lincolnshire rather supposed, in the back bone!

A writer of some antiquity decides one of these subjects by saying, not very philosophically, that God is the soul of brutes; *Deus est anima brutorum*; of which any man may believe all he can comprehend, which will not be much. If it mean that God is the source of life and intelligence to the brutes, the same may be said of man. If the intention be that God is literally to brutes what the soul is to the body, it will then follow that they act by immediate inspiration!

307. This alludes to *Æneid* 6. 713, where *Æneas*, on his descent into Elysium, questions his father Anchises on these

subjects. Bossu and Scaliger have remarked that Virgil's disquisitions on the immortality of the soul are selected with great skill from the works of Plato, and properly introduced on this occasion. For these matters, which were either unknown, or much controverted, are discussed by way of answer to Æneas who was dubious concerning them, in the receptacle of departed spirits, and by an inhabitant of Elysium.

315. The narration, says Vossius, should be dilated with episode and digression, that it may be more various and extensive: but those episodes must not be strained and far fetched, but have a near relation to the main subject.

This is admirably managed by Virgil, who in his description of the armour of Æneas, takes occasion to make the future wars and conquests of his posterity the subjects represented upon it.

331. Here we have at once a commendation and imitation of Virgil, who takes every opportunity of celebrating his country. The passage alluded to is in the second Georgic, v. 136.

Sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,
Laudibus Italiæ certent: non Bactra neq; Indi,
Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.

But neither Median woods, a plenteous land,
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields,

Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with sweet Italy contend in fame.

DRYDEN.

350. In the first Georgic, v. 466. Virgil, after having described the instruments of agriculture, makes a digression to the murder of Cæsar and the prodigies about the time of his assassination: the first of which is the obscurity of the sun.

He first the fate of Cæsar did did foretel,
And pitied Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell;
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light,
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.

DRYDEN.

351 to 354. See Georgic 2. 458.

363. See Georgic 4. 317.

367. Having mentioned Aristæus and the loss of his bees, Vida commends Virgil for so naturally introducing the episode of Orpheus and Eurydice; who flying from Aristæus who meant to force her, was stung to death by a serpent. Hence the sorrows of Orpheus, his descent into the infernal regions; his recovery and loss of Eurydice, and his death by the fury of the Bacchanals; related at large in the Georgics, and beautifully touched upon by Milton, in his Lycidas.

There is no need, on this occasion, to consider whether there ever was such a person as Orpheus; which Cicero in his *Natura Deorum* controverts on the authority of a passage in Aristotle, and

which some think is sufficiently refuted by the authority of Origen, who denies that any writings of Orpheus were extant in his time. The learned Vossius is of the same opinion.

— Non nostrum tantas componere lites.

373 to 375. Rhesus, a king of Thrace, who went to the assistance of the Trojans; famous for his white horses which were captured and himself slain in the night excursion of Ulysses and Diomed.

Rhodope, a mountain of Thrace, whence the river Hebrus has it's source.

380. *Phæbus' offspring, and the king*—The former of these is an allusion to the fate of Phaeton, son of Apollo and Clymene, who not being able to guide the horses of the sun of which he had obtained the direction for one day, Jupiter, fearing the destruction of the race of living creatures, struck him from the chariot with lightening; whence he fell into the river Po; or as Apollonius says in his Argonauts, on the banks of it.

This fable is supposed by some commentators to have respect to the ambition of rash and ungovernable men, who by aiming too high, frequently meet with as profound a fall. This is perhaps the best use that can be made of it.

The king here alluded to is Cyniras, king of the Ligurians, who being inconsolable for the death of Phaeton, was turned into a swan. The story is told in Ovid, Met. 12.—and by Virgil, Æn. 10.

Non ego te Ligurum ———

385. A famous hunter; see *Æneid* 7. 765.

Hippolytus, as old records have said,
Was by his stepdame fought to share her bed:
But when no female art his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore,
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore.
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With *Æsculapian* herbs his life restor'd.

DRYDEN.

395. This is agreeable to the practice of Homer, who is particular in describing the armour of his heroes, which often descended from father to son. Hector is conspicuous in the *Iliad* for the white plumes on his helmet.

“ This said the tow’ring chief prepares to go
And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.”

For the allusion in this passage, see *Æneid* 7. 656.

The offspring of Alcides here mentioned is Aventinus, son of Hercules and the priestess Rhea. On his armour were engraved some of the principal exploits of his father.

398. Tempe is here put, by a metonymy, for the river which flows through the country of that name, which is a delightful

vale in Theffaly; though perhaps I may have taken in this instance too great a liberty with my author, who speaks only of the country itself, which, like Virgil, he distinguishes as *the cool Tempe*. This place, so much celebrated by the poets, lies between Larissa and the sea coast, and is surrounded by the mountains Olympus, Ossa, and Pelion. The river Peneus runs through it.

403. Achelous, a river of Epirus in Greece, which rising at Mount Pindus, divided Ætolia from Acarnania, and emptied itself into the Ionian sea.

405. The Dryads were nymphs who presided over the woods, from *δρυς*, an oak. The poets distinguish between Dryads and Hamadryads; the latter owing their origin to particular trees, and perishing with them when they were cut down. Catullus speaks of Naiads and Hamadryads indiscriminately. So does Ovid.

Naiada vulneribus succidit in arbore factis,

Illa perit : fatum Naiados arbor erat.

406. The Nereids were fifty, or as some say, an hundred sea nymphs, daughters of Nereus, son of Oceanus and Tethys. But Orpheus calls him the most ancient of the gods.

Νηρια μιν πρώτιστα καὶ παρὰ πρεσβυτον ἀπαιλον.

413 to 418. The subjects of Dido are compared to bees in the first Æneid, v. 434. and the Trojans to ants, Æneid 4. 402. Both the similes are eminently accurate and just: the first relates to the industry of the Tyrians at the building of Carthage.

Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
 As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains;
 When winter past and summer scarce begun
 Invites them forth to labour in the sun.
 Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
 Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense;
 Some at the gate stand ready to receive
 The golden burthen, and their friends relieve.

The other describes the preparations of Æneas and his companions to leave this hospitable coast.

———— The beach is cover'd o'er
 With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:
 On ev'ry side are seen descending down
 Thick swarms of soldiers loaden from the town.
 Thus in battalia march embodied ants,
 Fearful of winter and of future wants,
 T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
 The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
 The sable troops along the narrow tracks
 Scarce bear the weighty burthen on their backs:
 Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain,
 Some guard the spoil, some lash the lagging train;
 All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain.

DRYDEN.

In these verses, Vida tacitly commends Virgil as always suiting his comparisons to the dignity of the Epopœia; glancing at the

same time at Homer, who in several parts of the *Iliad*, compares the hostile armies to flies. See *Iliad* 2. 469. & 16. 641.

423 to 426. See the retreat of Turnus, *Æneid* 9. 792, where Virgil compares him to a lion; whence Vida takes occasion to censure Homer, who in *Iliad* 11. 557. compares Ajax to an ass; which Bossu and Dacier as zealously defend, on the principle that in former times this animal was frequently used even by kings; and that Homer could not foresee that he would fall into such disgrace. However this may be, Vida's caution is a good one. This species of *Catachresis* is ever to be avoided.

445. Tristram observes that in this place Vida delivers the same precept with Aristotle; "that it is better to take the probable though impossible, than what is improbable and yet possible." He adds, that in the conversation between Glaucus and Diomed, we have an example of the improbable and yet possible; and in the transformation of the Trojan fleet into nymphs, of the probable and yet impossible.

How far these remarks may be just, is worthy of consideration. The supposition of a long conversation on the field of battle, and in the midst of a furious engagement, is certainly improbable; and unless Glaucus and Diomed retired into the rear or wings of the army, of which we have no intimation, it is to all appearance impossible. The transformation of the fleet is I think generally given up. It is a fiction so glaringly and excessively marvellous, that we have no difficulty in saying that it is neither possible nor probable. The speech of the roasted heifers of the sun, *Odyssey* 12. 395. these of the horses of Achilles, *Iliad* 17.

426. & 19. 409. the one lamenting the death of Patroclus, and the other predicting the fate of Achilles, are of this stamp, and belong to those dreams which *pass through the ivory gate*. They are not only too absurd to be true, but too extravagant to have the smallest pretensions to credibility.

The rule of Horace on such occasions is well known;

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris,

Nec quodcunque volet poscat sibi fabula credi.

“Let what is feigned in order to entertain and delight be akin to truth; nor let the poet shock us with obvious improbabilities.”

Dacier, whose veneration for the ancients induced him to justify almost every thing they have said, vindicates the prodigies of the horses of Achilles and the transformation of the ships of Æneas, on the principle of what he calls a *divine probability*. But I doubt whether this be sufficient. We admit the omnipotence of the deities; but as there can be no necessity that horses should speak, or that ships should be transported into nymphs for a similar purpose, the improbability is too great for belief. We want here the *dignus vindice nodus*. The occasions do not seem to demand so extraordinary an interposition: for the powers employed in these prodigies might have found a more probable mode of warning Achilles, and of instructing and encouraging Æneas.

It is observed by Pontanus, that “to conduct his fable with probability is the chief concern of the poet; whose business is to relate not so much what has actually happened, as what might

have happened. If therefore his story be not true, he is not to be censured on this account; but if it be improbable, that is, if he prove himself an awkward imitator, he forfeits his title." The reason is, that in whatever may be feigned by the poet or supposed by the orator, they are to copy nature: διὰ τὸν ἀγαθὸν ποιητὴν τε καὶ εὐλόγῳ μιμητικὸν εἶναι τὸν πραγματῶν. Dion. Halicar.

It may however be granted that what would be highly improper on the stage, when every thing is represented to the eye may sometimes be admitted into a poem; for as Dacier observes, "our eyes are much surer and more accurate judges than our ears. Hence, says he, whatever is shocking or incredible should in tragedy be kept out of sight."

478. This alludes to *Odyssey*, l. 19. v. 562. and *Æneid* 6. v. 893. where is an account of the two gates of dreams; the one of horn, which gave a passage to such as were true; the other of ivory, through which issued such as were false.

484. See the beginning of *Iliad* 2.

487. See *Iliad* 1. 470.

492. See *Iliad* 9. 264.

493. See *Æneid* 11. 243.

501. The *Epopœia*, says Aristotle, has powers of extension peculiar to itself: ἔχει πρὸς τὸ ἐκτείνεισθαι τὸ μέγεθος πολὺ ἢ ἡ ἐποποιία δίδω. For not being confined like the drama to a limited time, or the period of action being sufficiently long to admit a multiplicity of events, the poet, having chosen a subject most

susceptible of ornament and illustration, has it in his power to enliven it with instructive and amusing episodes, and to diversify it with all the art and machinery of which poetry is capable. There is scarcely any character or situation in life, any science or employment, or any thing in the whole world of nature or of art which he may not introduce. But it must be done naturally, and with dignity.

408. It has been questioned whether this custom be not rather prejudicial than advantageous to the effect of a poem. Homer and Virgil are so particular in keeping up an appearance of piety, and so attentive to the variety occasioned by the frequent introduction of the deities, that their heroes are often degraded into mere machines: so that, though for the present, we are delighted with the magnificent descriptions of their appearance and interposition, we are yet dissatisfied on reflecting that the mere mortals engaged in combat have scarcely fair play. When we hear Achilles say to Hector,

“ ’Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance,”

we cannot help wishing that another Pallas was at the elbow of Hector, to inspire him with similar confidence, and put him more on an equality with this bully of Greece. In short, it is impossible to read the account of this combat without pitying a hero, who being left alone, must have perished by the army of the Greeks, had he not fallen by the hand of Achilles; and we reflect with a sigh, *thus fell the best and most accomplished character in the Iliad!*

523. It was usual on the death of distinguished persons to celebrate their obsequies with funeral games. See *Iliad* 23. and *Æneid* 5.

527. The Python slain by Apollo was an enormous serpent, or as some say, a most infamous and dangerous man of this name. Hence the name Pythia was given to the priestesses of Apollo.

530. Cacus a gigantic robber of Mount Aventine, who having stolen the heifers of Hercules, was slain by him. See *Æneid* 8.

The monster spewing fruitless flames he found ;
He squeez'd his throat, he writh'd his neck around,
And in a knot his cripled members bound :
Then from their sockets tore his burning eyes,
Roll'd on a heap the breathless robber lies ;
The doors unbarr'd receive the rushing day,
And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey.

539. This alludes to the description of a storm in the third *Æneid*.

545. See *Æneid* 3. 137.

The trees devouring caterpillars burn,
Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn.
Nor scape the beasts : for Sirius from on high
With pestilential heat infects the sky ;
My men, some fall, the rest in fevers fry.

549. See the description of *Ætna*, *Æneid* 3. 571.

The port capacious and secure from wind,
 Is to the foot of thund'ring Ætna join'd.
 By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high;
 By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,
 And flakes of mounting flames that lick the sky.

565. Vida here intimates that the word *poet* is derived from *ποιῆν* to make or create, and that this name is applied to writers of verse on account of their peculiar excellence in giving such glowing and animated representations of things, (says Dionysius of Halicarnassus, speaking in praise of Homer) *ὡς μὲν δὲν ἡμῖν διαφέρειν τὰ πραγματὰ ἢ λεγόμενα εἶναι*, so that you can perceive no difference between the description and the thing itself. Tristram.

569. See Æneid 2. where Æneas describes the destruction of Troy.

603. On this passage Tristram cites some remarkable expressions from Seneca, *de Tranquillitate Animi*. "Nothing, says he, great and extraordinary can be produced but by a mind under a particular emotion. When it looks down upon what is usual and common, and soars aloft under the sacred impulse, it then sings in a strain superior to mortality. While the mind is as usual, and perfectly master of itself, it is incapable of reaching the arduous and the sublime. Let it therefore leave the beaten track, and be carried out of itself: let it spurn the rein, and running away with it's master, carry him whither of himself he would scarce have ventured to ascend."

626. The poet here commends those who read the ancient bards with care and attention; and who do so more especially

when about to enter upon composition. There, like bees they sip the flowers, and collect the purest honey. Add to this, that by this sort of reading ardently pursued, the sacred fury is excited, and the mind conceives with peculiar force and beauty those ideas, images, and patterns, or by whatever other name they may be called, which it would impress on the subject in hand." Pontan. Inst. Poet.

632. The rapidity and animation of these verses is admirably adapted to the subject; and the poet is plainly carried away by the enthusiasm he so eloquently describes. Tristram in loc.

648. Plutarch relates of Socrates that he sometimes composed verses in his sleep. Artemidorus says he knew one, who dreaming that he wrote with his left hand, suddenly became a writer *γελῶν ἀνάλων*, of humorous poems.

Sir Thomas Brown informs us in his *Religio Medici* that though he was of a most saturnine complexion, he had frequently composed comedies in his sleep, and laughed himself awake at the jests of them. He adds, that such was his opinion of the peculiar power and vigour of the soul in sleep, that if he could command her operations in such moments, he would chuse them for his devotions, and for all his more important undertakings. Some of the critics say this is the author from whom Johnson first formed his style.

654. When this energy is perceived, let us stop and look about us, curbing the impetuosity of the impatient courser; which instead of delaying, will only give him new strength and spirits. Quintil.

So Pontanus. Let us not suffer ourselves to be hurried away in the first impulse, which for the most part is vehement and inconsiderate. Nor should we, in the instant that a favourable gale springs up, spread our sails to the winds. But first, taking a review of the mind and it's powers, let us consider the subject in it's several parts with the utmost accuracy and care, till that sudden and fiery ardour is moderated by reflection. Pont. Inst. Poet.

664. Aristotle in this instance considers tragedy, comedy, and the epopoeia as standing upon the same ground, since they are all imitations; and consequently the more perfect the nearer they approach to nature.

Pope has with this view paid a noble compliment to Homer.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.

Art of Criticism.

676 to 687. I have already expressed my surprize that Vida has never mentioned Horace; which is the more remarkable as there are allusions to his art of poetry in several parts of the Poetics. Among the rest are those that follow:

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore; et veras hinc ducere voces.

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus & annis.

Intererit multum, Davusne loquatur, an heros :
Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventa
Fervidus ; an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix ;
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli ;
Colchus, an Assyrius ; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.
————— Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem ;
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox invictaque ; flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

684. Consistency and propriety of character are of great importance. It is remarked by Aristotle, *Χρη δὲ καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἡθροῖς αἰετὶ ζῆλον ἢ τὸ ἀναγκαστὸν ἢ τὸ εὐχρὸς ὡς τοὺς τοιούτους τὰ τοιαῦτα λεγέιν ἢ πρᾶττεν, ἢ ἀναγκαστοῖς, ἢ εὐχρὸς.* In the manners ascribed to different characters, we must always have respect to necessity or probability ; so that it shall be either necessary or probable, that every character shall speak or act as he is represented.

Homer and Virgil are particular in discriminating the characters of the deities they introduce. Venus is distinguished as much by her graceful manner and address as by her beauty ; and Juno

is on almost all occasions the vixen of the skies. But Dryden thinks that Virgil is in general too unfavourable to female characters; and that this is one of the most serious objections against the *Æneid*.

696. See *Æneid* 12. 9.

708. See *Æneid* 4. 300.

712. See *Æneid* 1. 561.

718. See *Æneid* 2. 77.

720. See *Iliad* 2. 190 & 284.

722. See *Iliad* 1. 246.

726. See *Æneid* 8. 370.

729. To touch and command the passions is often as necessary to the poet as to the orator. The former as well as the latter must write

————— “not only well, but movingly,
And raise men’s passions to what height he will.”

741. See *Georgic* 4. 464.

746. See *Æneid* 9. 433.

756. If in the course of the narrative any thing should arise of an indecent nature, let the poet pass it slightly over, or dissemble it with acuteness, or wisely involve it in obscurity: nor let him ever in his reprehensions of vice express himself in obscene

language, which may infect the mind with the recollection of impure pleasures. For what can be baser or more unworthy a man than immodest terms? He was certainly not overwise who took notice of Virgil as remarkable for the purity of his sentiments. Viperanus de Poet. l. 2. c. 4.

Carbo advises that such subjects should be treated paraphrastically, and mentioned in the most decent terms, or even passed over in silence.

The purity of Virgil has been much celebrated: and it is certain that both in sentiment and expression, the general tenor of his writings is eminently chaste, and at as great a distance from obscenity as from vulgarity. Dryden undertakes to vindicate even the obnoxious parts of his pastorals: but, after all he has said in their favour, we cannot but wish they had been suppressed. The story of Pasiphaë is indeed no more than an allusion, though a gross one; but the Alexis is his own: and, though Dryden has given a favourable turn to the subject, by quoting from the *Æneid* a passage which speaks of the purity of friendship, *pio pueri amore*, and which he has applied to that of Virgil, it must be acknowledged that this pastoral has at least an equivocal appearance, and ought not to have been capable of a construction which many are of opinion is the most obvious and natural.

The story of the marriage, (as she chose to call it) of *Æneas* and *Dido*, is not unfavourable in this view to the character of Virgil: and it may perhaps be asked in his vindication, how it can be supposed that a man who could describe such a meeting in

such terms, and with so strict an attention to decorum, should have addressed his Alexis in the strain of sentiment imputed to him. This is perhaps one of the best presumptive proofs in his favour. I wish he could be more effectually vindicated.

764. See *Æneid* 4. 165.

The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
One common cavern in her bosom hides.
Then first the trembling earth the signal gave;
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave:
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs were conscious to their love.

The queen, whom sense of honour could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love;
But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame.

DRYDEN.

770. Servius in his comment on *Æneid* 1. 474. gives the following account of the death of Troilus, which is much the same with that of Lycophron and Theocritus. He says, "*veritas hoc habet, Troili amore Achillem ductum palumbes ei, quibus ille delectabatur, objecisse: quas cum vellet tenere, captus ab Achille, in ejus amplexibus periit.*"

This is what Vida hints at as by no means proper to be related; and which Virgil has suppressed, either because he did not

believe it, or thought it too indecent to be admitted into his work. He has therefore described him as falling on the field of battle in an unequal contest with a warrior so renowned as Achilles, and paying the forfeit of his temerity. This, among other incidents of the war, Æneas is described as observing painted on the walls of the temple of Juno in Carthage.

Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defied
 Achilles, and unequal combat tried.
 Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins
 Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains:
 Hung by the neck and hair, and drag'd around,
 The hostile spear yet sticking in his wound,
 With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground.

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800. Tristram remarks that the hint of this digression seems to have been taken from that of Virgil, *Georgic* 1. 498.

805. This passage refers to the wars between Francis I. of France, and the emperor Charles V. after the death of Leo X; when Italy was laid waste, and many of it's principal towns, Milan, Naples, Parma, and Placentia exposed to all the horrors of war. Nor did even Rome escape: for in 1527 it was besieged and taken by the Imperial forces under the celebrated Bourbon; when Pope Clement VII. was taken prisoner, and the city delivered up to the avarice and brutality of the foldiers. About this time the Turks were aspiring to the sovereignty of Europe, to whom the way to the conquest of Italy was rendered less difficult by the dissensions of it's princes.

821. The Julius here mentioned was Julius de Medicis, nephew to Leo X. who, on the death of Adrian, in 1523, was elected to the triple crown, and assumed the name of Clement VII. He was so great a favourite with Leo, that he scarcely undertook any thing without consulting him.

828. Solyman, the Turkish emperor, after the most splendid victories in the East, and the conquest of Syria and Egypt, threatened to turn his arms against the Christians. On this occasion Leo exerted every effort by his legates to induce the princes of Europe to lay aside their private resentments, and to turn their united force against the common enemy. This excellent advice was frustrated by the death of its author; and the sword was drawn to less patriotic purposes. Thuan. Hist. l. i. Jov. in Leo. Vit.

855. This distinguished pontiff was carried off in 1521 rather unexpectedly, and some suspected, by poison, at the age of forty-seven, much regretted by his subjects, and by the learned of almost every country in Europe.

NOTES ON THE POETICS.

B O O K III.

19 & 20. **T**HE poet is supposed to allude to those crabbed writers, Lycophron and Persius. The former was one of the seven poets called the Pleiades. He wrote a poem entitled *Alexander*, in which beginning with *Hercules* and the history of *Troy*, he concludes with *Alexander the Great*. Statius takes notice of his obscurity.

— tenebraeque Lycophronis atri :

And Lycophron's impenetrable shade.

Persius was a learned Roman, who flourished in the reign of Nero, and wrote a satyrical poem, which has been highly commended. Quintilian says, he acquired a great reputation, though he wrote but a single book: *multum & veræ gloriæ, quamvis uno libro Persius meruit*. Others are much offended at the harshness and obscurity of his style; and consider him for that reason as scarcely worth the reading. But we must make some allowance for the times in which he lived. He who would lash vice when the sovereign is the most abandoned character in the nation must not speak too plain. It may be added, that learning was then on the decline; and a false and corrupt taste had begun its inroads on the republic of letters.

Allowing therefore for particular occasions, it is obvious in general, that the judgment of Aristotle, Demetrius Phalereus, Quintilian, and a multitude of critics is just: *Λεξις ἀριστη, σαφής καὶ μὴ ἰαπωνήν εἶναι.*—*Μαλίστα σαφὴ ἤν λείν εἶναι.* Prima est eloquentiæ virtus perspicuitas. The most distinguished excellence of style is, that it be perspicuous, yet not creeping. The first charm of style is perspicuity.

For proof of the propriety of these remarks, we need only attend to this single consideration; that the first intention of writing as well as of conversation, must be the communication of our sentiments; for which purpose we must *at least be intelligible*. Conciseness sometimes produces obscurity.

43. So great is the charm of variety, that without it the most pleasing subject palls and disgusts. It is one of the chief beauties of nature, who, in the immensity of her works, has embellished every thing with a wonderful diversity. Eras. de Cop. Verb.

It is observed by naturalists, that scarcely two beans or two blades of grass can be found exactly alike. Europeans, when first accustomed to the negro countenance, can scarcely perceive among them any distinction of feature. Perhaps they are in the same predicament with regard to us. There is however in the African face as real a distinction and as great a variety as in the European.

The same may be said of animals. People not much accustomed to sheep think them all alike. But a farmer readily dis-

tinguishes the countenance of every individual of his flock, and perceives in it a character of it's own. These considerations indicate by a striking analogy, that the love of variety is natural and commendable.

54. Metaphor is a powerful instrument in the hand of a poet. When happily conceived and applied, it is at once an expression and an illustration of a sentiment. *Εσι μεγα μὲν ἴω ἐκασω ἴων εἰρημίων προπόλως χρῆσθαι, καὶ διπλοῖς ὀνομασί, καὶ γλωτταῖς. Το δὲ μίγισον το μέταφορικόν εἶναι. Μοῖον γὰρ ἴσθ' ἢτε παρ' ἄλλω εἰς λαβεῖν, εὐφυίας ἴε σημεῖον εἰς, τὸ γὰρ ἐν μέταφρειν ἴο ὁμοῖον διαρῆν εἰς.* To adopt with propriety each of those I have mentioned, both compound and foreign terms, is of great importance. But to succeed in metaphor is a distinguishing excellence. In this it is impossible to borrow from others: and it is a criterion of genius; for a good metaphor is like actual vision. *Arist. Poet. l. 23.*

When Aristotle says that metaphor cannot be borrowed, he undoubtedly means, that it's effect chiefly depends on it's being new and uncommon. I am not certain, however, whether I have exactly rendered the latter part of this passage. *ἴο ὁμοῖον διαρῆν εἰς* might perhaps not improperly be rendered, *resembles intuition*: but I incline to prefer the sense I have given it: *a good metaphor is like actual vision*. It induces a display of a subject much more luminous and striking than the simple expression of it in it's natural and appropriate terms.

Tristram cites a passage from Cicero *de Oratore*, in which he says, *atque hoc in genere persæpe mihi admirandum videtur, quid sit, quod omnes translatis et alienis magis delectentur, quam pro-*

priis & suis. It often appears wonderful to me, that every one is so much delighted with foreign and metaphorical terms rather than with such as are natural and proper.

This figure is not peculiar to poetry. Some orators abound in it even to exuberance. Πάντες μεταφοραῖς διαλεγόμεναι. See v. 103-4. Arist. Rhet. l. 3. c. 2.

From 62 to 69, & 110 to 112 are examples of the metaphor. From 77 to 84, and from 121 to 128 are illustrations. It is more than probable, as Vida observes, that the use of metaphor originated in the poverty of language, and was called in to it's aid; and that from having been first adopted by necessity, it gradually advanced into a luxury; and being considered as ornamental, became generally admitted by the poets.

There is much beauty in the above illustrations, where the alternation of images produced in the mind by metaphorical allusion, is compared to figures on the shore reflected in the water below; and the distinction between the original use of it through poverty of language, and it's present use for ornamental purposes, to the difference between the huts of the early inhabitants of the universe, and the stately domes and palaces of more refined ages.

97. See the conclusion of Iliad 1.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial and celestial song.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.

Pope's Homer.

129. It is a great mistake to suppose, that the liberties taken by the poets, whose principal object is to delight, and who are frequently obliged by the confinement of numbers to give uncommon turns to their expressions, can be admitted in prose. We are to remember that the orator is not implicitly to follow the poets in boldness of figure and latitude of expression, which are often calculated for mere embellishment. Besides, poetry having no other object than to give pleasure, has recourse for that purpose to what is not only fictitious, but often incredible; and claims from the earliest times an indulgence peculiar to itself: for the poets, being tied down to a certain conformation of numbers, cannot always speak in natural and appropriate terms; but being forced from the usual way, are obliged to tread in a less beaten track, and to adopt a mode of expression peculiar to themselves. Quintil. l. 8. 6. & l. 10. 1.

140. The hyperbole is properly introduced, when the subject to be treated exceeds the usual proportion. For when we cannot easily express its magnitude, it is allowed to go beyond the truth; since in description it is better to say too much than too little. Quintil. l. 8. c. 6.

145. These words are twice quoted by Cicero from a poet whose name is not known. An expression of Virgil's not unlike it is in *Æneid* 2. 241.

O Patria! O Divum domus Ilium, & inclyta bello,
Mænia Dardanidum!

There are similar passages in Plautus and Silius Italicus.

O Troja ! O Patria ! O Pergamum ! O Priame, periisti senex !

But this of Plautus borders upon rant. Admiration or pity in unskilful hands is generally observed to deal too much in interjection ; and by awkward attempts at the pathetic, either says nothing, or becomes unintelligible. A modern traveller, describing some statuary he saw abroad, falls into this error, and is so petrified with astonishment, that he becomes incapable of conveying a single idea : “ what horses ! what marble ! what porphyry ! ” But whether this statuary was excellent, or in what that excellence consisted, these exclamations do not inform us.

149. Cicero in his Orator commends this mode of expression as grand and striking, and selects nearly the same instances as Vida ; which makes it probable that the latter had an eye to Tully on this occasion.

153. This verse, which he much commends, is ascribed by Cicero to Ennius. De Orat. c. 7.

169. This refers to the story of Deiphobus, who having married Helen after the death of Paris, was by her robbed of his sword as he lay asleep, and exposed naked and unarmed to the fury of the Greeks, whom she introduced into his chamber. See Æneid 6, where he relates the story to Æneas in the shades.

Mean time my *worthy wife* our arms mislaid,
And from beneath my head my sword convey'd ;
The door unlatch'd, and with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.

This is an example of the figure *irony*; of which Vida cites another from *Æneid* 11, and applies the epithet *insignis* to Drances, who though naturally no fighter, is ironically described as mowing down whole ranks, and enriching himself with the spoils of the vanquished.

179. Repetition well introduced is a singular beauty, Trifram refers here to the fourth Eclogue of Virgil.

Pan etiam Arcadia mecum si iudice certet,

Pan etiam Arcadia dicat se iudice victum.

One of the most beautiful yet simple instances of repetition is in another Eclogue,

Et longum, formose, vale, vale inquit, Iola.

190. It is observed by Cicero *de Oratore*, that metaphorical terms must be chaste and correct, and seem to fall naturally into the places they are made to occupy; and by Demetrius Phalerius, that high flown figure is unsuitable to a trifling subject: Πραγμα μικρον η δεχσθαι ογκον Ιουστιν λεξως. In the simile, v. 198, Vida had probably in his eye the following passage of Longinus. τοις μικροις πραγματοις περιιδιναι μεγαλα η σιμνα ονομαζα, ταυτον αν φανοιτο ως η τις τραγικον προσωπιον μεγα παιδι περιδινει ηπιω. To couple great and pompous expressions with a low subject, were like a great dramatic character represented by an infant.

The goddess Rhea, frequently called Cybele, is considered by Apollonius as a personification of the earth. The extension of this idea by a metaphor, which represents the grass the earth pro-

duces as the tresses of the goddess, is justly ridiculed by our author.

199. The poet recommends in some parts of a poem a graceful negligence; intimating, according to the remark of Quintilian, that as a moderate and seasonable use of metaphor sheds a lustre on a sentence, so a too frequent use of it must produce tediousness and obscurity.

203. The simile.

213. *Εἰς*, says Aristotle in his Rhetoric, *λογὸς δὲ ποιητικὸς λέξις ἐστὶ*. The language of verse and prose are very different. Every art, says Quintilian, is subject to laws and regulations of its own. Comedy encroaches not on the buskin; nor does tragedy invade the sock. But as every province of eloquence has something in common with the rest, that is to be imitated by each, which is common to all. The style of tragedy is more familiar, and approaches nearer to conversation than the epic.

229-30. We are to shun, says Petronius, all vulgar expressions, and to chuse terms as remote as possible from the usage of the mob. In this respect we should say with the poet,

Odi profanum vulgus, & arceo.

HOR.

I hate the vulgar and the herd profane.

Longinus says that in sublime themes it is unbecoming to descend to low and ignoble terms, unless obliged to it by

some invincible necessity; and that a dignified subject will demand expressions congenial to itself. *Ου δὲ καλῶς*,—Long. c. 42.

232. The same author remarks, "there is another way of reaching the sublime, independent of what we have just mentioned. And what is that? An imitation and emulation of the best authors who have lived before us, whether in verse or prose. Longin. c. 13.

248. To collect gold from the soil of Ennius, was a saying of Virgil to a friend who found him reading this old author. And it was worthy of him. There are few writers from whom a man of taste and genius will not derive something that may be rendered useful.

The simile of water in the subsequent verses is a very good one: though perhaps as he had been comparing the excellent things thinly scattered in Ennius to gold mixed with much dross, a comparison taken from the refining of metals in the crucible were more immediately in point.

265. There is a remarkable passage in the great critic quoted above, to this purpose. It appears to me, says he, that Plato, in his philosophical disquisitions, would not have aimed at such elegance of figure and expression, nor have entered, as in many parts of his writings he has certainly done, into themes and phrases evidently poetical, unless, like a young champion anxious to vie with him whom every one admires, he had entered the lists with Homer, contending perhaps more eagerly than became him, and pushing at him as with his spear; though certainly not without some advantage: for, as Hesiod observes, emulation in such

cases is of great utility. Competition is surely noble and worthy of victory, when even to be vanquished by such heroes were not inglorious. Longin. c. 13.

269. If poets and other writers are indulged in a certain fellowship and community of possessions, who will impute it to Virgil as a fault, that to give perfection to his writings, he has borrowed in some instances from others? And surely he may the more readily be pardoned, when it is considered, that by this means he gave to immortality what had otherwise been inevitably consigned to oblivion. Macrob. Saturn. l. 6. c. 1.

277. Such imitation of the ancients as Vida recommends, Longinus insists is not to be dishonoured by the name of plagiarism, but to be considered as lawful game. c. 13. But it is to be remarked, as Vida has done in the subsequent verses, that a man of genius will never depend on those who have written before him, but chiefly consult nature and himself. No man is sufficiently perfect to be set up for an universal model. See v. 329-30.

282. It is observed of Virgil by the author cited above, that such is his mode of imitation, that whatever he borrows is altered for the better, and more happily introduced than in its native soil. This praise is certainly his due; and it is a praise which eminently belongs to our great poet Milton; who, in the multiplicity of his allusions to the ancients, has scarcely failed, in a single instance, to illustrate or embellish both his own subject and the sentiment he borrows. The peculiar felicity of his allusions to the ancient mythology, and to the history and

geography of almost every country, is one among many reasons that he has done, in a religious poem, what none ever did either before or since, and succeeded almost to the utmost of his wishes.

360. Erasmus speaking of the propriety of introducing foreign words, on certain occasions, instances in the word *gaza*, which he remarks is of Persian origin : and Quintilian observes, that the Roman tongue is much altered by it's mixture with that of Greece ; from which, when his own language was deficient, no one scrupled to borrow.

373. The author quoted above recommends the moderate use of antiquated terms, as giving an air of gravity, and, like fine paintings, stamping by their antiquity, an inimitable value and authority upon them. He selects the words *olli*, *quianam*, and others. Our poet instances in *indugredi* and *antiquai*.

384. The Periphrasis is recommended by Longinus, as one source of the sublime ; and by Scaliger, for it's repugnance to the common forms of speech.

387. Homer abounds in long compound words and epithets, which, though perfectly in unison with his own language, are less calculated for the Latin or the English tongue ; and are therefore, in most instances, judiciously avoided by Pope in his version of the Iliad.

408. Sichæus or Sicharbas, the husband of Dido.

411. Enceladus, the greatest of the giants who conspired against Jupiter, and being struck by a thunderbolt, was buried under Mount Ætna.

Fama est Enceladi semiustum fulmine corpus
 Ugeri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Ætnam
 Impositam ruptis flammam expirare caminis.

Æneid 3.

400. The word *quibuscunque* is frequently divided by Terence and other writers; *cum quibus erat una cunque*; as is the English word *howsoever*. Vida here instances in the word *separare*, disuniting the former part from the latter by interposing the conjunction.

At verbis etiam partes ingentia in ambas

Verba interpositis proscindere, *seque parare*

***** interdum licet. —————

447. In this part of his subject, when he treats of suiting the style to the subject, the *curiosa felicitas* of our author is eminently conspicuous. How skilfully does he vary his numbers! With what a grace do they illustrate the rules they exhibit! How does the bard of Cremona shine as he imitates the Mantuan! And while he stops to explain the excellencies of Virgil, how admirably does he discover his own, which are scarcely inferior! Tristram in loc.

464. 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,

The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,

And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;

But when loud surges lash the founding shore,

The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

Homer, Milton, and all the great poets have evidently paid particular attention to this rule. But many critics are of opinion with Dionysius of Halicarnassus, that Homer as well in this as in other instances has excelled them all.

386. See *Æneid* 5. 143. & 8. 689.

497. ————— 1. 109.

499. ————— 3. 581.

502. ————— 8. 692.

505. ————— 8. 87.

508. See *Georg.* 1. 85. *Æneid* 7. 74.

511. See *Æneid* 7. 462.

515. ————— 10. 653.

520. ————— 10. 1.

523. ————— 12. 863.

533. ————— 5. 422.

535. When Sisyphus is described as rolling his stone up the hill, the tardy progress of the verse is admirably descriptive of the immense toil and difficulty with which it is performed. On the contrary, when the stone defeats his attempts, and rolls back upon him, the rapid flow of the verse imitates the velocity of it's motion.

Και μὲν Σίσυφον ποσειδον, κρατερὰ λυγρὸ ἐχονῖα,
λααὺν βαταζοῦντα πελωρίον ἀμφοδίστησι.

Ἡτοί ὁ μὲν, σκηριπτομένος χερσὶν τε ποσσὶν τε,
 Λαῶν ἀνω ᾗθεσκε ποτὶ λοφόν· ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
 Ἀκρον ὑπερβαλεῖν, ἴδ' ἀποσρεψάσκε κραιναί' ἑς.
 Ἀυτὶς ἐπιῖα πεδονδὲ κυλινδῆο λάας ἀντιδῆς.

I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
 A mournful vision, the Sisyphian shade!
 With many a weary step and many a groan,
 Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
 The huge round stone resulting with a bound,
 Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.
 Again the restless orb his toil renews,
 Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews.

Odysey II.

537. See Georg. 2. 400.

540. See Æneid 5. 549. Mr Pitt has been led here by his want of nautical information into an error. He translates this passage,

“Nor less when pilots catch the friendly gales,
 Unfurl their shrouds, and hoist the wide stretch'd sails.”

But to furl or unfurl are expressions which are peculiar to the sails of a ship; and can have nothing to do with the shrouds, which support the masts, and for that reason must remain invariably in the same position.

545. See Georg. 3. 420. & Æneid 4. 594. & 9. 37.

547-8. See Æneid 2. 250. & 5. 481.

557. See *Æneid* 2. 544.

560. ——— 5. 396.

564. ——— 11. 614.

570. It is no less a mark of genius to know what to say, and in what manner, than to introduce it seasonably, and suit the style to the occasion. Macrobius justly commends in this respect the various eloquence of Virgil.

589. The advice of Horace in this case is well known.

— Nonumque prematur in annum,
Membranis intus positis delere licebit
Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti.

615. The original, v. 477. and the ten following verses Scaliger says are truly divine, and may defy all criticism. He adds, that those that follow to the end of the poem are such happy imitations of Virgil, as to have attained an almost equal perfection.

639. — Carmen reprehendite quod non
Multa dies, & multa litura coercuit; atque
Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

HOR.

675. Let correction know it's limits. For there are some who consider whatever they first write as faulty, and are perpetually correcting and altering whenever the book comes into their hands; like surgeons who are so fond of the knife as to cut away

even the found flesh. By this means the work is reduced to a mere skeleton, full of wounds and scars, and infinitely worse for the scarifications it has suffered. Quintil. l. 10. c. 4.

695. Rules for composition are intended only for men of genius and talents; since none else can either clearly comprehend, or reduce them to practice. Nothing can be done in this case, but where a foundation is first laid by nature.

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve *Minerva*.

———— ego nec studium sine *divite vena*,

Nec rude quid profit video ingenium.

Hor. De Art. Poet.

697. The conclusion is worthy the modest ingenuity of our poet, who renounces his claim to that title, and considers himself only as preparing the way for some more favoured bard to the Muses' hill. But diffidence is an almost invariable attendant on true genius.

OF the poems of Bishop Lowth and Mr Gray nothing can be said by me to increase their well earned reputation. The beauties which struck me on the first reading of them, produced, some years since, the translations subjoined to the Poetics.

The odes in pp. 156 and 158 were given to the world some years ago in the Gentleman's Magazine, prefaced by a latin letter signed Gasper Pallavicini, Sub-Librarian to the Palatine library; in which he informs his friend, that he found them on

a detached paper in the library ; and that he supposes them, from the title at the top of the page, to have been taken from some ancient (perhaps the most ancient) copy of Horace.

How far this may be true, I shall not conjecture. There have been several instances of modern latinity which the best judges were not able to distinguish from the odes of this incomparable lyric. And it is certain that these two are perfectly in the Horatian manner. Were I to object to any part of them, it would be the phrase *urbisq: fidens dignitati*, of which, as I do not recollect any such application in Horace, I have some doubt ; but perhaps I may be mistaken. The abrupt digression in the *En quo furentes Eumenidum* is certainly not unlike the elegant author to whom it is imputed.

The Elegy on the death of Mr Reed is a grateful tribute to the memory of an amiable young man, who was master of the Borrowdale in the voyage to Botany Bay ; whose abilities and amiable temper rendered him an ornament to society, and an honour to his profession. The intimation in the elegy, that he had a presentiment of his fate, is literally true. He was uncommonly dejected, though in perfect health, several days before he sailed from Shields for the last time. It is still more singular, that a boy on board was so terrified by dreaming for several nights successively that the ship was lost, that he absolutely refused to go ; and by that means his life was saved. See Hor. od. 3.

T H E E N D.

L I S T

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